

HOT ROD

CARTOONS

35¢
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NOVEMBER 1964 •



SEE BACK COVER

**FIRST ISSUE!
DRAGSTRIP HUMOR!
MOTORCYCLE LAFFS!
BOAT-RODDING BOFFS!
& OTHER REAL BOSS JAZZ!**

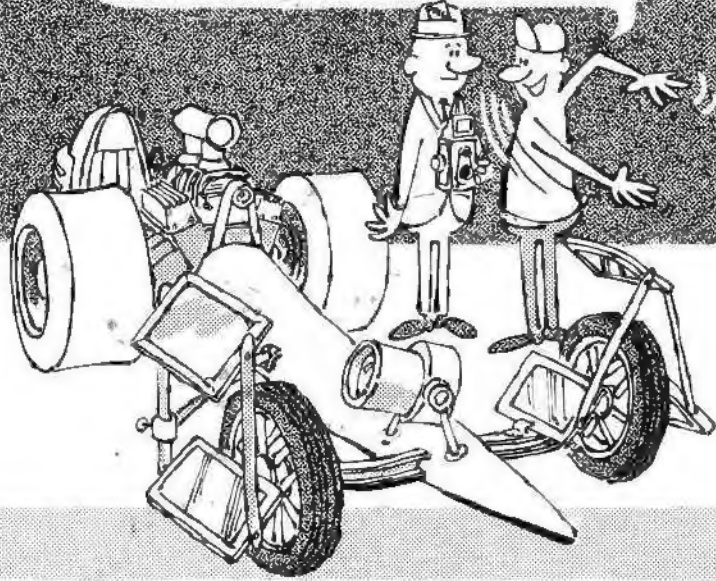


LEMMONS

MIRROR, MIRROR- ON THE BALL

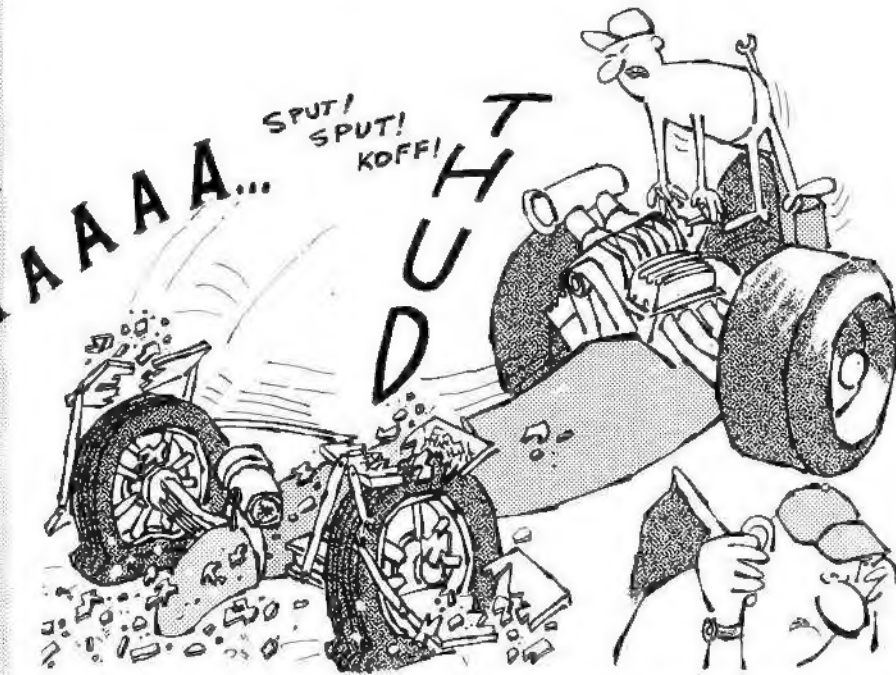
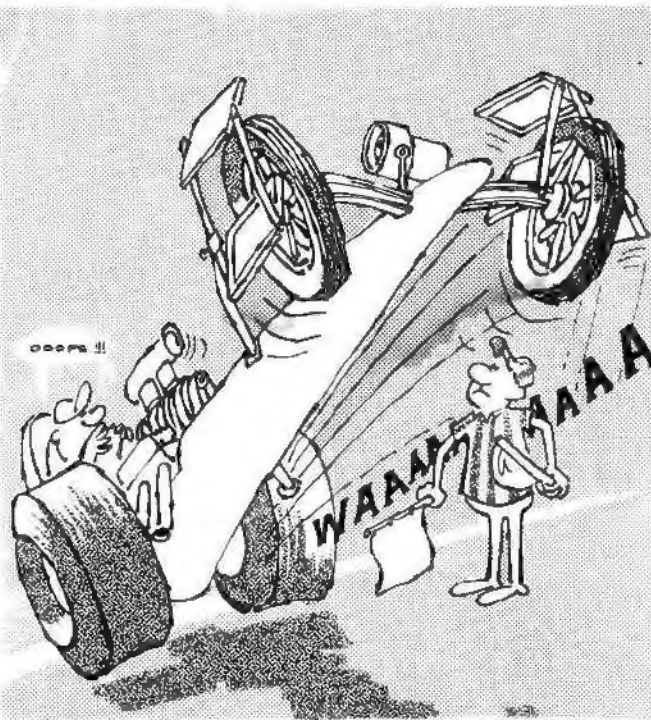
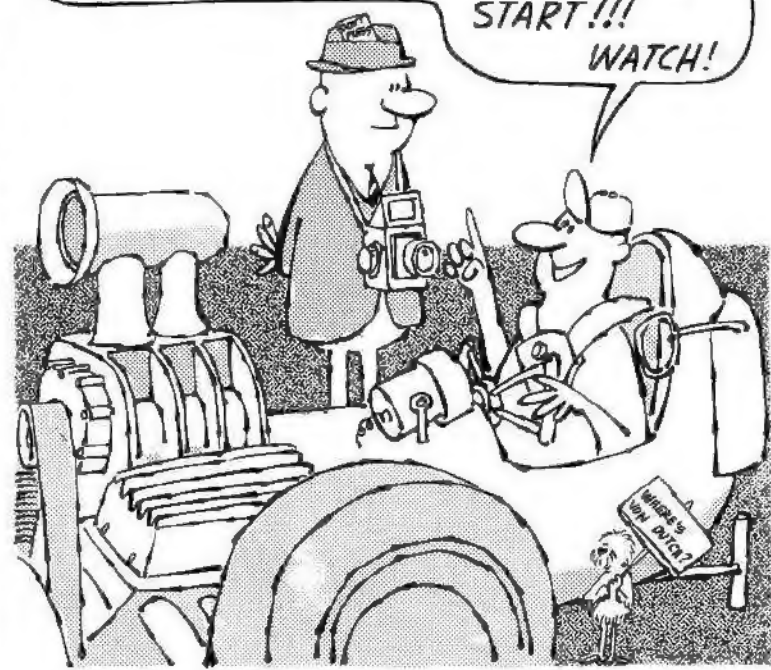
by Nelson Dewey

HERE'S MY LATEST INVENTION! THESE MIRRORS AND LENSES CATCH THE BEAM FROM THE TIMING LIGHTS...

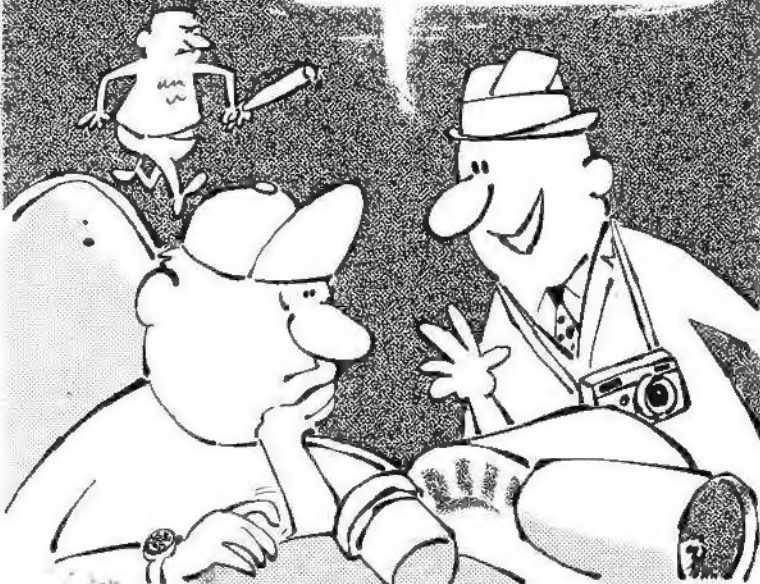


...AND DELAY IT SO I CAN GET A HEAD-START!!!

WATCH!



WELL... I'D SAY YOU TURNED IN THE HIGH SEVENS...



YEAH! LIKE SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK!!!



HOT ROD CARTOONS

NOVEMBER 1964

NUMBER ONE

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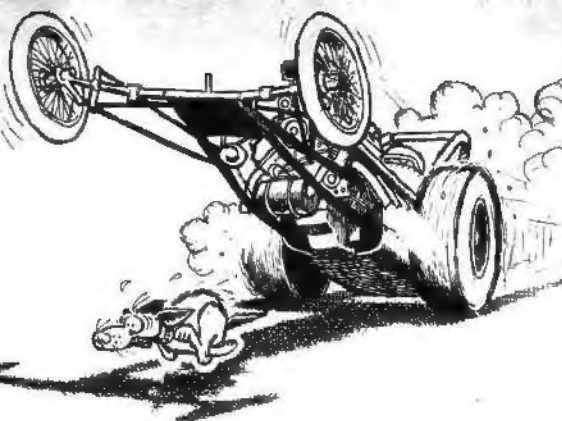
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NELSON DEWEY
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GEORGE LEMMONS
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PEST ENTRY

Welcome to the first issue of HOT ROD CARTOONS!

Every publication (even a cartoon book) must have a purpose (other than earning some loot for its publisher!) and HRC's purpose will be to bring you authentic automotive humor. Since your editor is hardly an "expert" insofar as "hard core" hot rodding, boat-rodding and related speed activities are concerned, we're very fortunate to have the expert help of the real HOT ROD MAGAZINE'S savvy editor, Bob Greene, who will check-out all the stories and features to make sure they're as accurate as is humorously possible. At the same time, we intend to keep HRC's entertainment clearly understandable (and enjoyable, we hope) to those readers who may not entirely dig the basic technicalities of rodding. In short, we're firmly convinced we *can* induce laughter from a very wide-range audience because our subjects are definitely a gas and our contributors are the daffiest, deftest & most talented group of car-loving zanies who ever put a pen or brush to paper! With a combination like *that* going for us, we proudly figure HRC — like its companion publications, CARTOONS — for a real winner! Furthermore, we think *you* will, too!

* * *

Your letters and notes, giving us your honest opinion of material found in HRC, will be published, here, in the PEST ENTRY section from now on. However, since there is no reader comment available at this time, we offer several profiles — in brief — of the outstanding artist/writers whose swingin' cartoons appear in this issue.

* * *

Eight years ago, JIM MUELLER departed from his hometown of Chicago, Illinois, and made tracks for Southern California where he promptly enrolled at the famous Chouinard Art Institute, located in Hollywood, and began studying various phases of art and cartooning. For four years he divided his time between art classes and stints of employment in the animated cartoon studios around town. As Jim puts it: "I *knew* there were dolls, sportscars and wild parties



to be found but I just didn't have the time much less the money and energy after devoting myself to my art studies. Now I drive a neat little Corvette, date all the better looking broads and make it a firm rule to attend at least one wailin' bash a week."

When he's not parked behind the inkpots — turning out minor masterpieces such as NEVER HOUND A HARE-BRAINED LEADER (page-16) or the shorter features

representing his distinctive cartoon style in this issue — Jim can usually be found at a Hootenanny, splashing in a Hollywood swimming pool or on the fast-car scene with a very shapely companion. This boy's a success in *all* the departments of life!

* * *

Thirty-six year old JIM WILLOUGHBY (who looks a lot more like a twenty-six year old) arrived on the west coast in 1948, hailing



from Toronto, Ohio. He activated his considerable interest and ability for cartooning, and has been noted for his truly superb style of drawing ever since, as proven by his handling of THE BIG DRAG (page-11).

"I try to get in a reasonable amount of hiking and camping with my two sons, Jim (11) and David (9)," says Willoughby with the slow smile of the natural-born outdoorsman, "And I guess if I didn't love cartooning as much as I do, I'd probably be tabbed for some kind of a Wilderness Nut because I really dig the big outdoors and everything Momma Nature has left laying around out there!" Personally, we don't mind if the gifted gent ever *does* go completely ape for the boondocks — just so long as he mails his drawings in regularly.

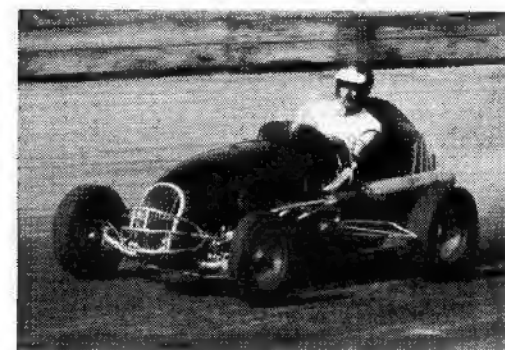
* * *

FRED BOATMAN (who failed to send us a photo in time) lives in Parma, Ohio, where he busies himself with all kinds of topnotch cartooning projects a la the romping YA GOTTA HAVE PULL (page-7). Fred has expressed burning curiosity, over the

long-distance phone line, to see if Southern California is really as fabulous as it's been touted to be; and we're hoping his curiosity brings him west soon because we'd like to shake the kind of a hand that can turn out the sort of work Boatman provides.

* * *

Beneath a deceptively calm and quiet exterior lurks the wild and imaginative genius of GEORGE LEMMONS who drew and painted both covers, fore & aft, for this issue. You'll just have to admit, Reader, that *anybody* who can produce cartoon scenes as far-out as *those* 4-color blasts are — isn't likely to be the serene and modestly able type Lemmons stubbornly claims to be. Not by a long shot, man! For one thing, consider his background: Lemmons raced motorcycles, helped build



and maintain the first two unlimited hydro-plane boatrods, SLO-MO-SHUN #4 and SLO-MO-SHUN #5 and drove modified stock-cars on the midwest circuit with more success than he'll discuss. Add to this his almost inhuman ability to draw cars and boats with a fiendishly accurate amount of detail, and you've got the kind of a contributor that comes along, maybe, once every ten lifetimes . . . if that often. Presently hiding out in the Santa Susana hills with his gorgeous wife and daughter (whom he insists are even shyer than he is), Lemmons divvies up his time and varied talents between the brand new home and our cartoon needs. George describes himself thusly: "I've got a real predictable disposition, man. Always shook-up and mean." Which, of course, is

merely another outrageously superb Lemmons fantasy . . .

* * *

There are those in the publishing world who vocally suspect JACK BONESTELL isn't for real — and Jack will be the first to agree with this philosophy. A quick glance at his RAG RACE (page-6) or his FOR ART'S SAKE (page-32) and it's easy to understand that the magical mind & hand capable of pulling items like his BONESTELLVILLE, U.S.A. (page-42) right out of thin air could never belong to a solid citizen of this planet. Bonestell compounds this suspicion by admitting: "My E. T. is forty-two *very* nervous years of wondering when the little green men would show up for me, and whether they'd beat the men in white coats when it came to hauling me off — screaming and pleading like the sophisticate I am. Frankly, I insist upon being Jonathan Winters if there's a Next Life, and my only excuse for not having ever actually driven a Fueller or Gasser, is, I possess a license which restricts me to vehicles only capable of speeds below 10-mph.

Virginia Bonestell (and their kids) assure us that Jack was once



just like everybody else, so it must be all those long, hard years of selling cartoons to almost every magazine on the newsstands which accounts for this nice nut's tense talent. We give Thanks for it & him!

* * *

At first glance, NELSON DEWEY looks like a tall, quiet chap who could quite easily be more artistically gifted than any-



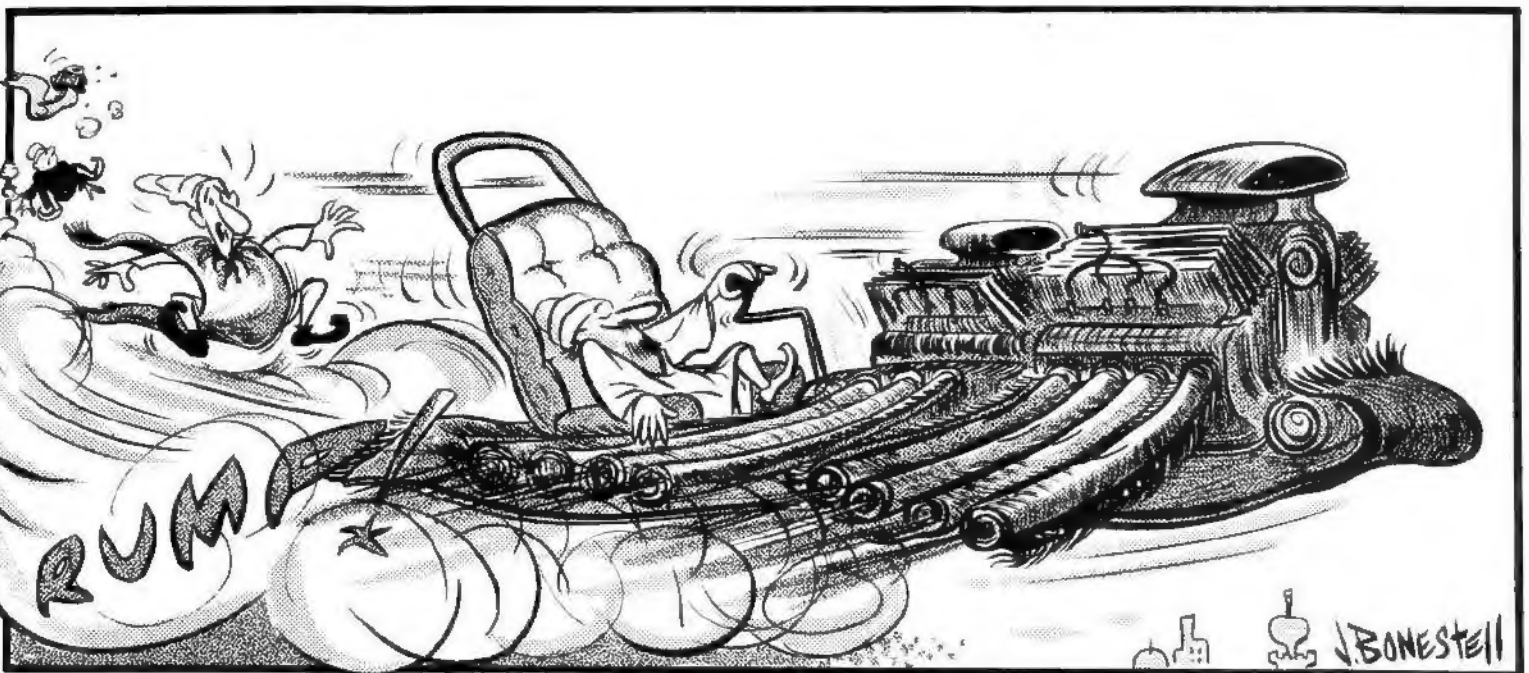
body has a right to be — and that's exactly what he is! For a revealing hint to the Dewey Mystery, see his MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE BALL (page-2) or have an educational gander at his BOATS IS A DRAG story (page-39). Either of these highly stylistic gems will instantly clue you to Nelson's pixie-touch with a pen as well as show precisely what a hot-rodding/boat-rodding enthusiast can do when armed with drawing equipment, a lifetime supply of sheer imagination and an obvious love of humor. Says Dewey: "I dig SCUBA-Diving, boats, photography, freelance cartooning, my beautiful wife, sportscars, food, my dog, Charlie, drag-racing, kart-driving and assignments for CARTOONS and HOT ROD CARTOONS — although not exactly in that order.

* * *

So read on, have fun and we'll dig you, *next* month, in our other Giggle Gazette, CARTOONS Magazine. Meanwhile, drop a line to PEST ENTRY, HOT ROD CARTOONS in care of

UNK KOHLER
Editor

RAG RACE

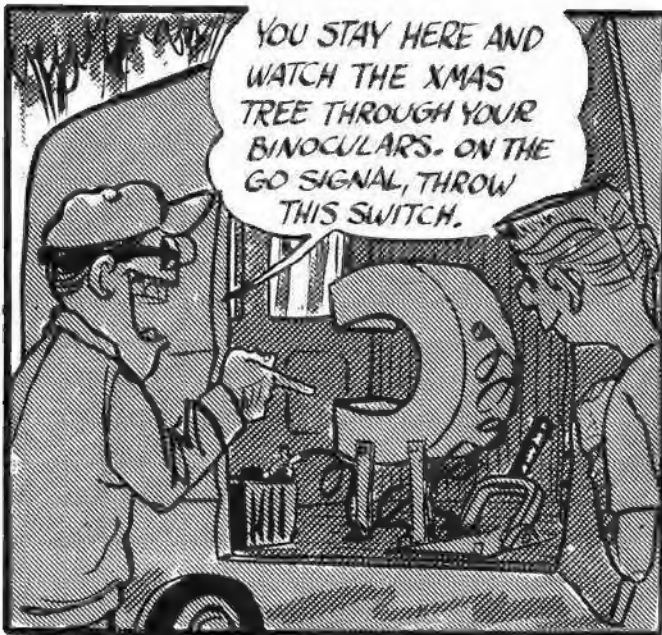


YA GOTTA HAVE PULL

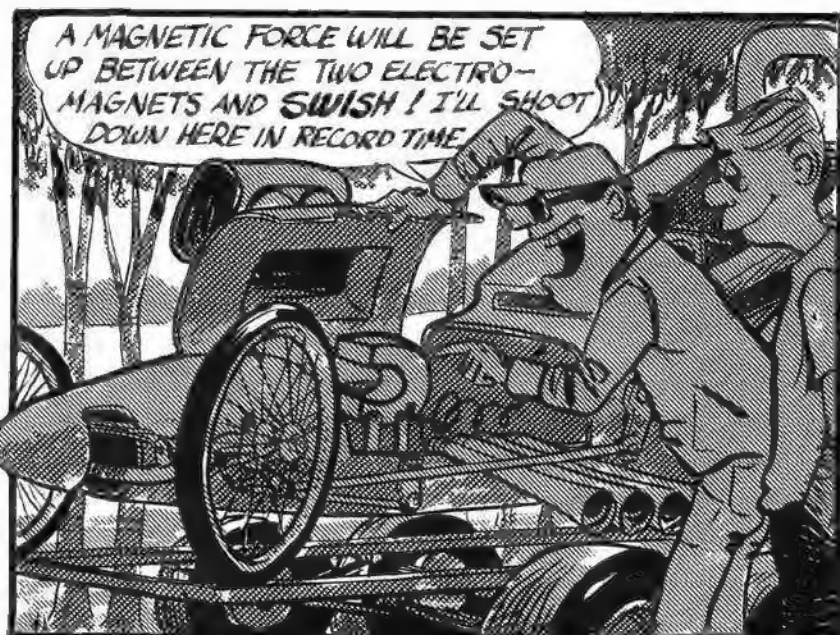
LET'S MAKE SURE
YA GOT THIS GIG
STRAIGHT, SEYMORE!



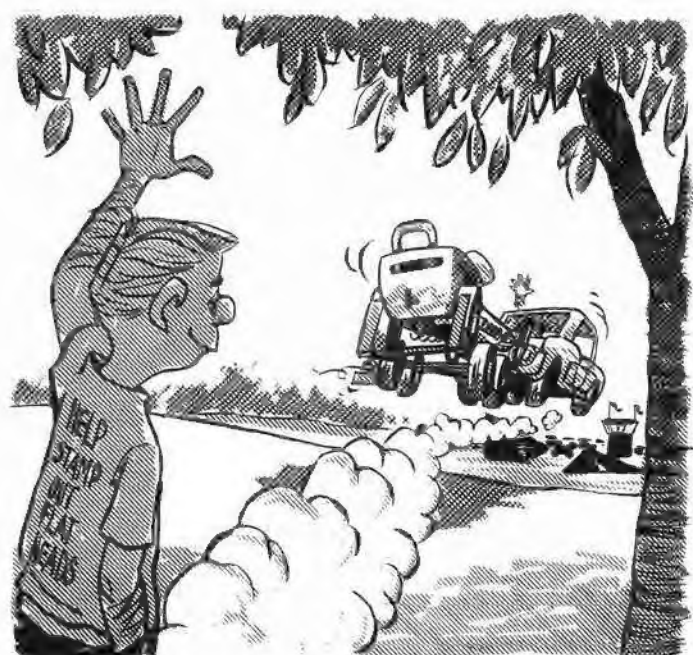
YOU STAY HERE AND
WATCH THE XMAS
TREE THROUGH YOUR
BINOCULARS. ON THE
GO SIGNAL, THROW
THIS SWITCH.

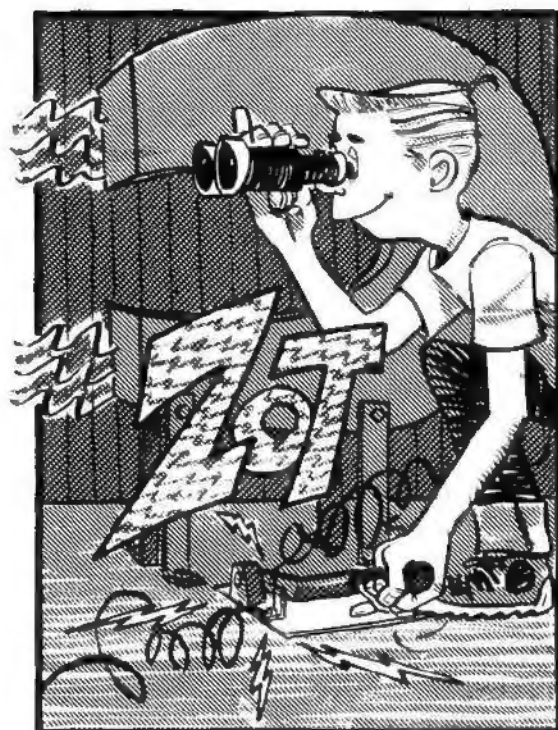
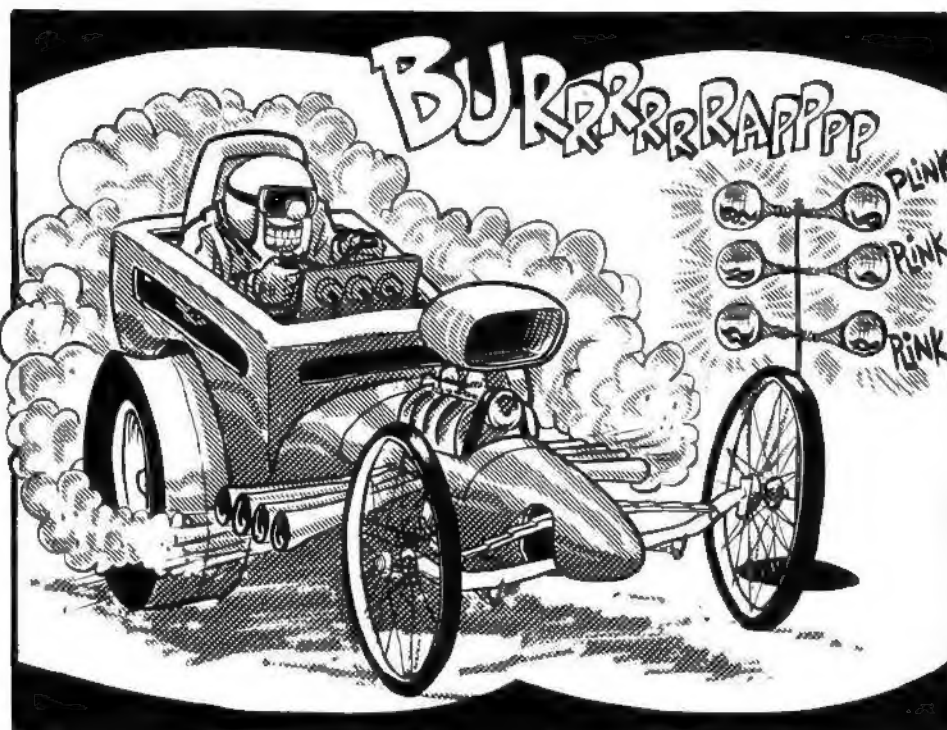
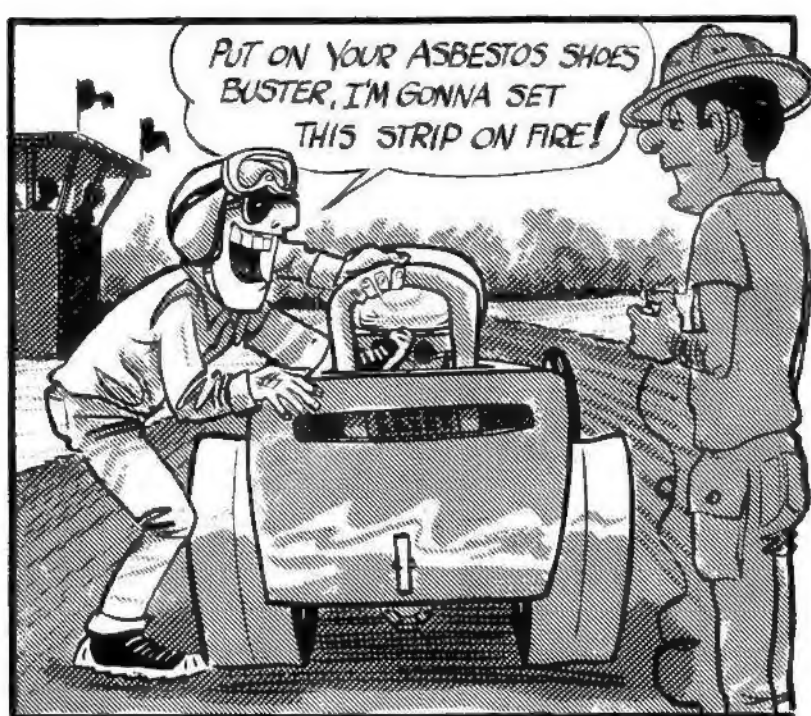
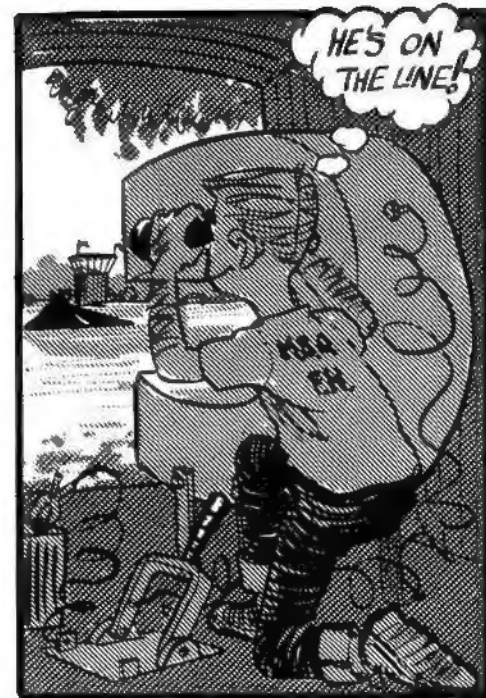
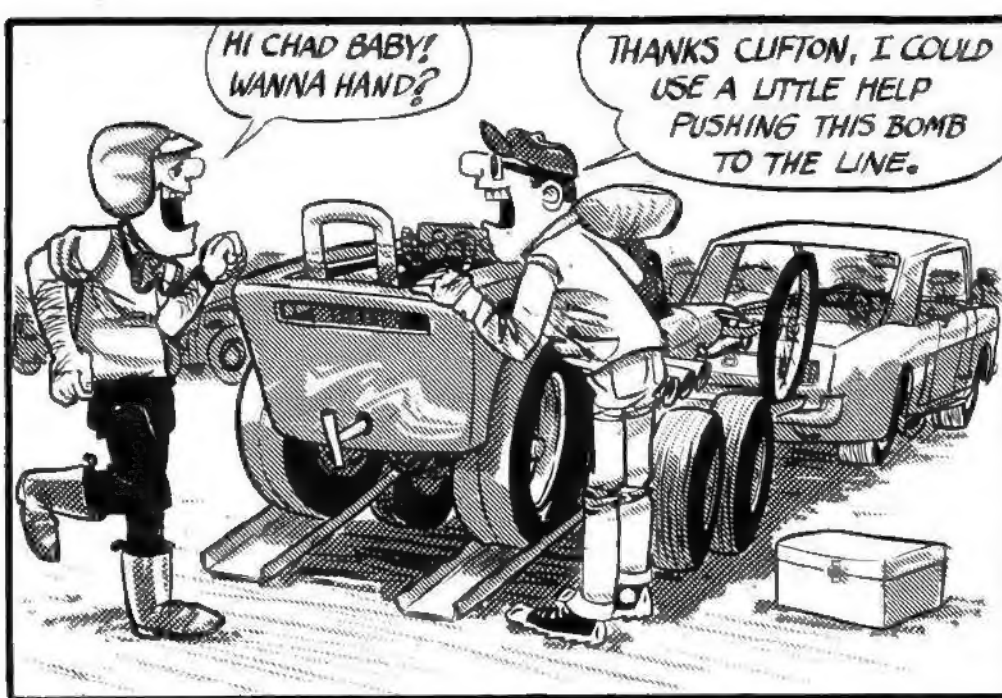


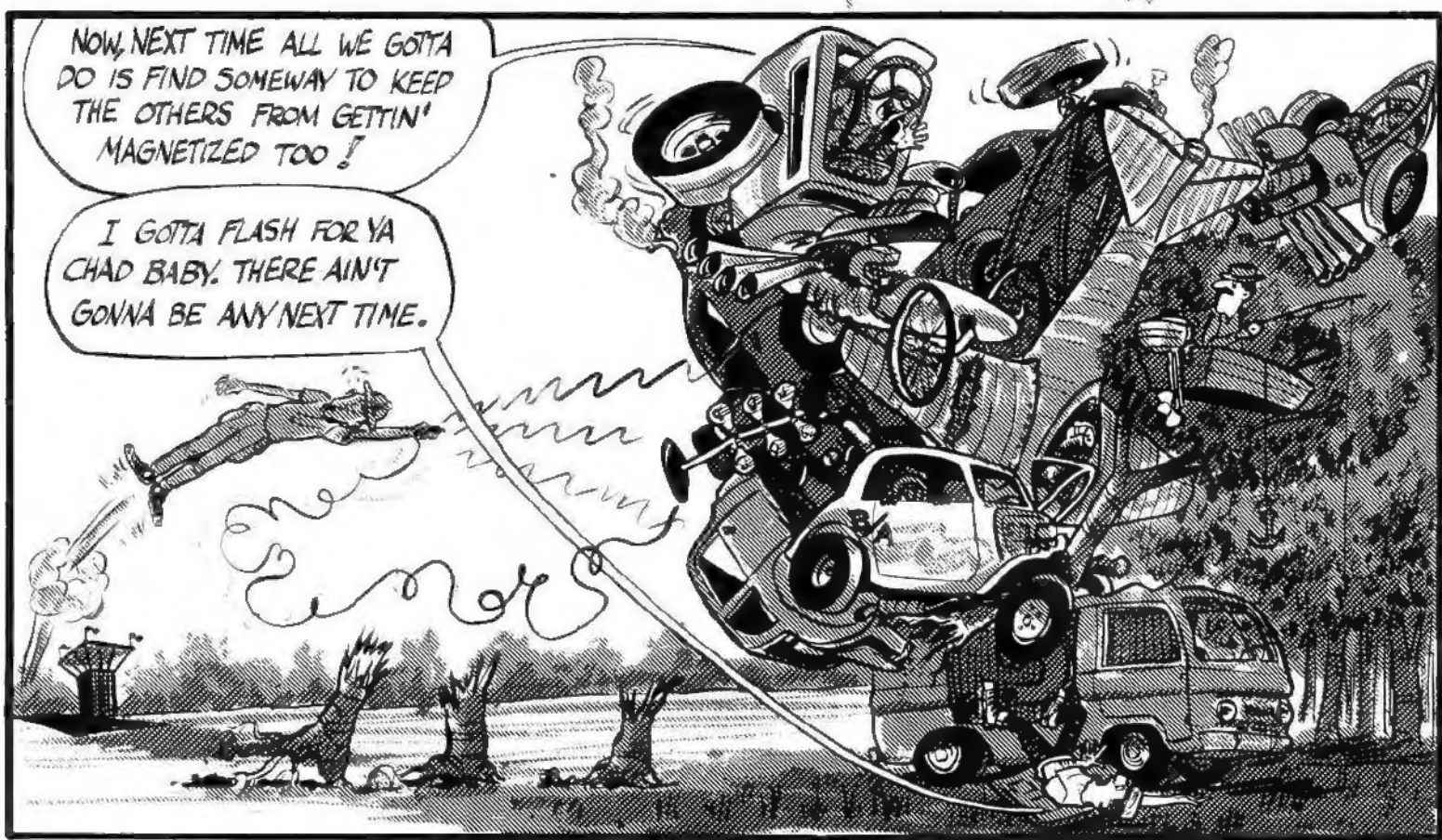
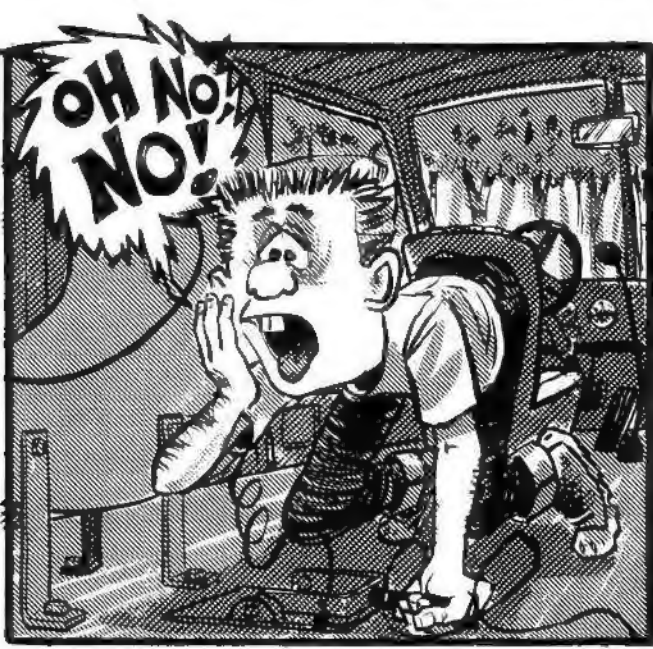
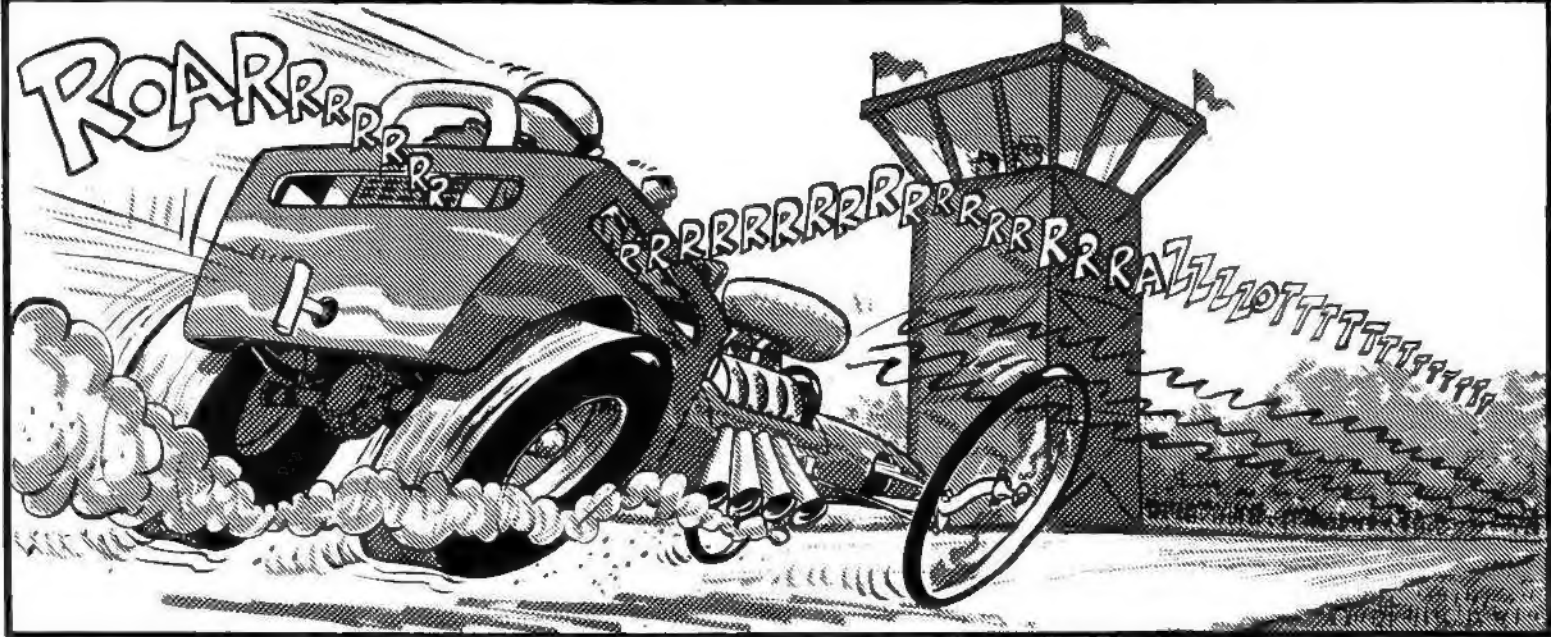
A MAGNETIC FORCE WILL BE SET
UP BETWEEN THE TWO ELECTRO-
MAGNETS AND **SWISH!** I'LL SHOOT
DOWN HERE IN RECORD TIME.



I'LL MEET YA RIGHT HERE
AFTER I COLLECT THE
BREAD. OK?

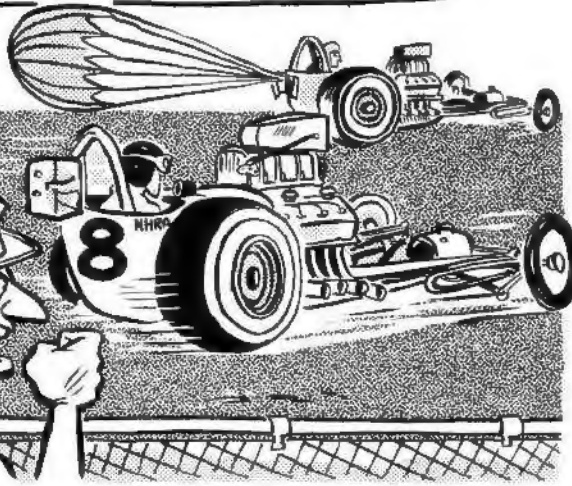






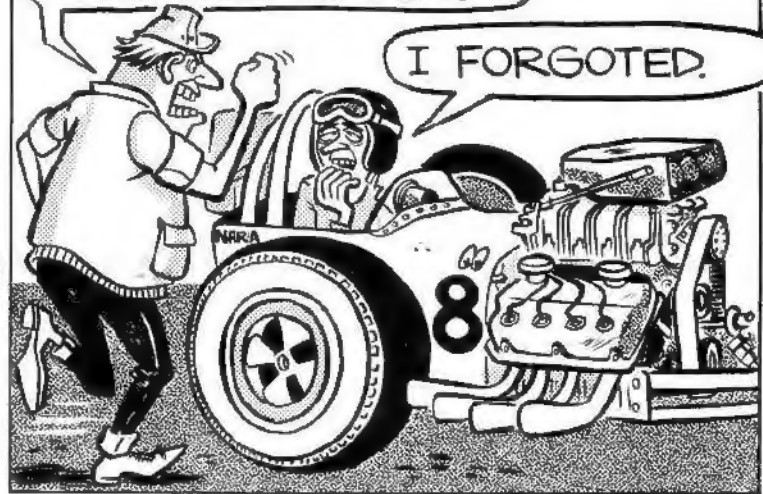
TOO TACHFUL

WE LOSE AGAIN!!
WHY CAN'T KNOTHEAD
FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS?



CAN'T YOU REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD YOU
BEE BEE BRAIN?

I FORGOTED.



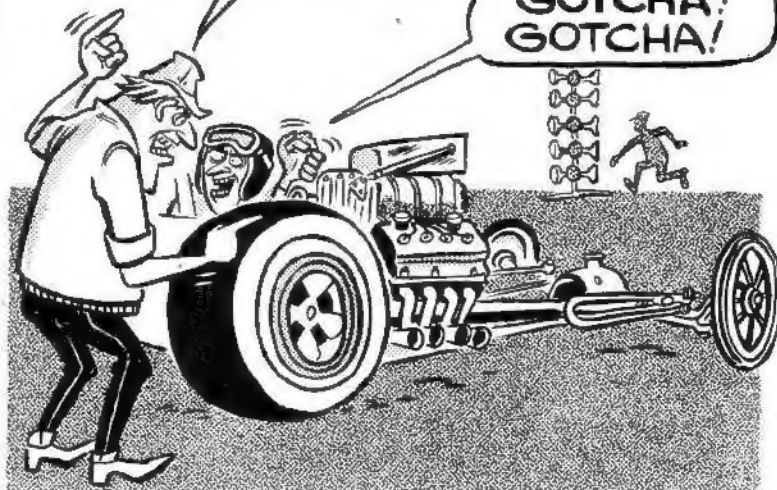
YOUR TACH!
YOUR TACH!
WATCH YOUR TACH
LIKE I TOLD YOU!

GOTCHA!
GOTCHA!



NOW ON THIS NEXT RUN
WATCH YOUR TACH AND
YOU WON'T MISS SHIFTS!
.... DIG?

GOTCHA!
GOTCHA!



SCREECH

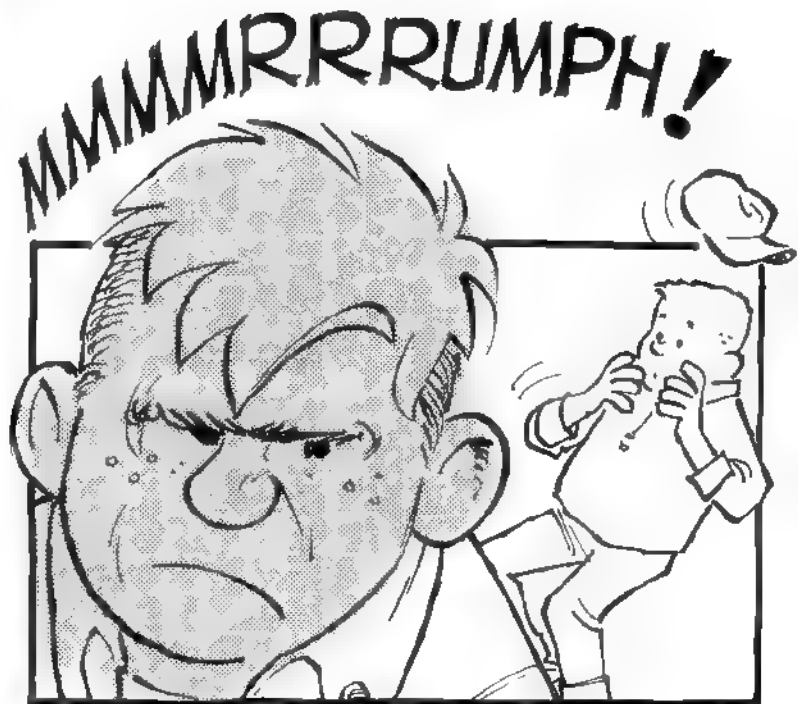
CRASH



...FORGET IT!



MUELLER



TELL ME ABOUT IT!
LET'S ANALYZE THE
PROBLEM!

WELL ...

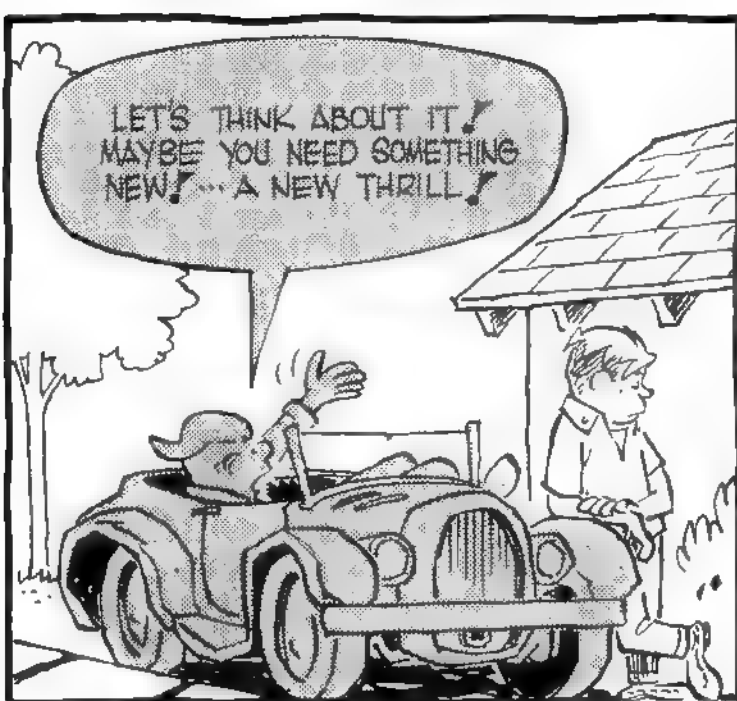
YOU KNOW I ALWAYS
WANTED TO DRAG! I
HAD CRANKCASES FULL
OF ENTHUSIASM!

I WORKED HARD
AND BUILT UP LOTS
OF WAGONS!

I TOOK MY SHARE
OF SAD DEFEAT!
THEN I STARTED
WINNING!

I CLEANED ALL THE COMPETITION ...
AGAIN AND AGAIN!

THERE'S NO THRILL
ANYMORE! I'VE
LOST INTEREST!



WELL, I RAN IT! I'M ALL
CRANKED UP AND WAITING
FOR SOME DREAM BOAT
TO CALL... **AH...**

**P-R-RING
RING**

THEN IT'S A DATE!
HURRY OVER! I'M
SURE ANXIOUS TO MEET
YOU, DREAM GIRL!

**OH, BOY - A REAL GIRL!
NO MORE CARS! NO MORE
TORN-DOWN ENGINES!
/ WOWEE!**

LET'S WAIT OUT HERE!
THAT'S PROBABLY HER COMING
NOW! GOSH, I'M SO EXCITED!

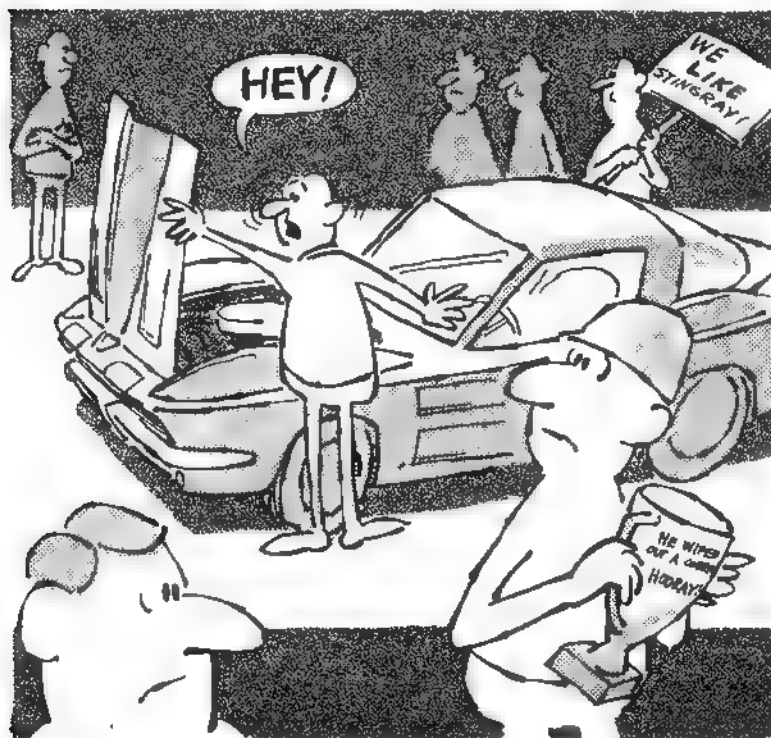
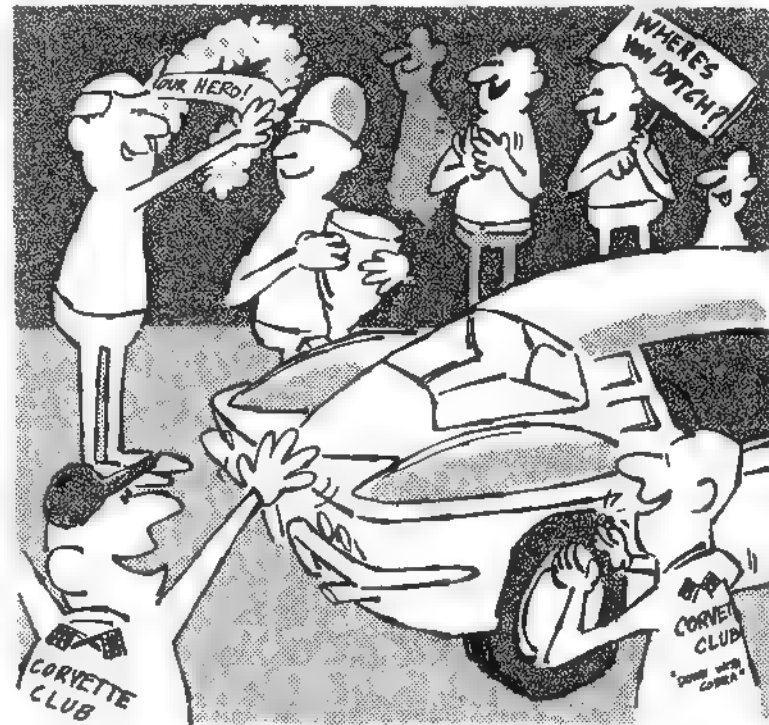
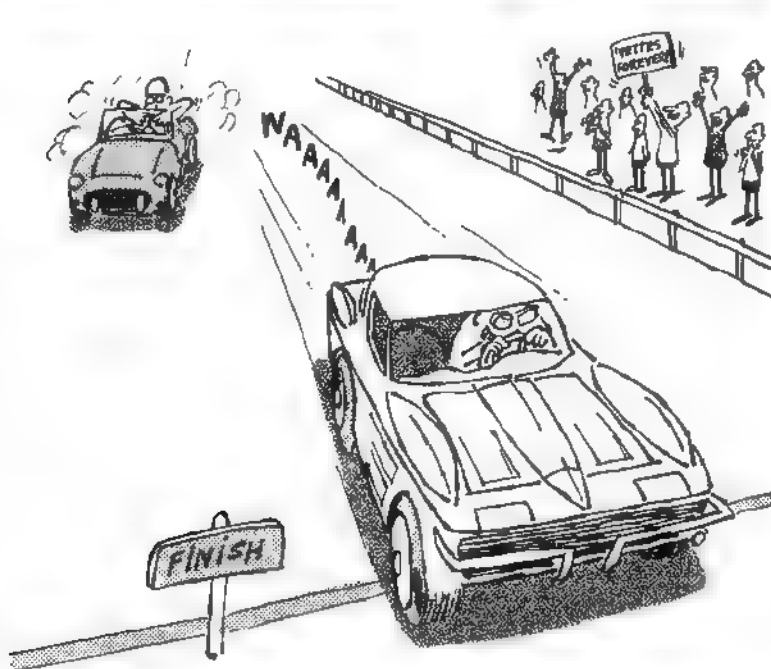
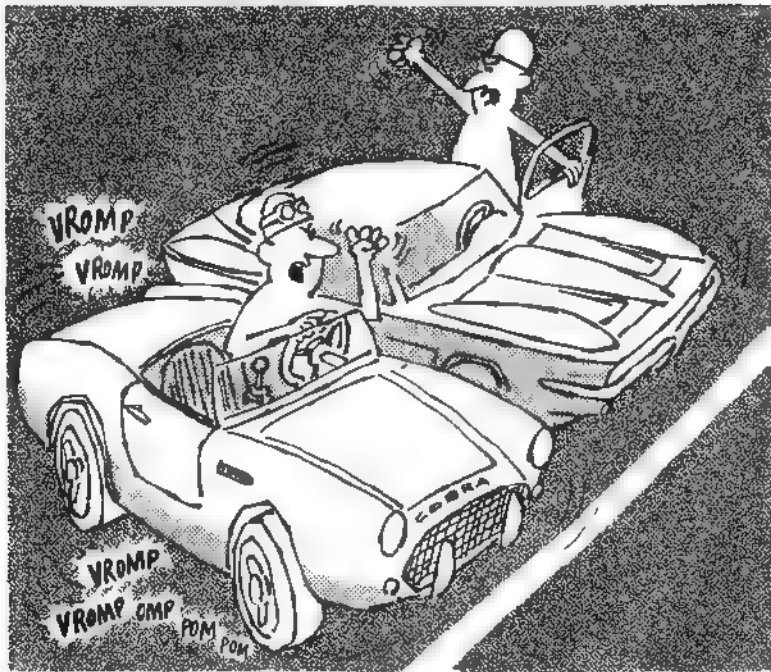
HERE I AM,
LOVER!
JUMP IN AND
LET'S SPIN!

KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT
CARS, BEAUTIFUL MAN?

**EVERYTHING
!!**

THE
END

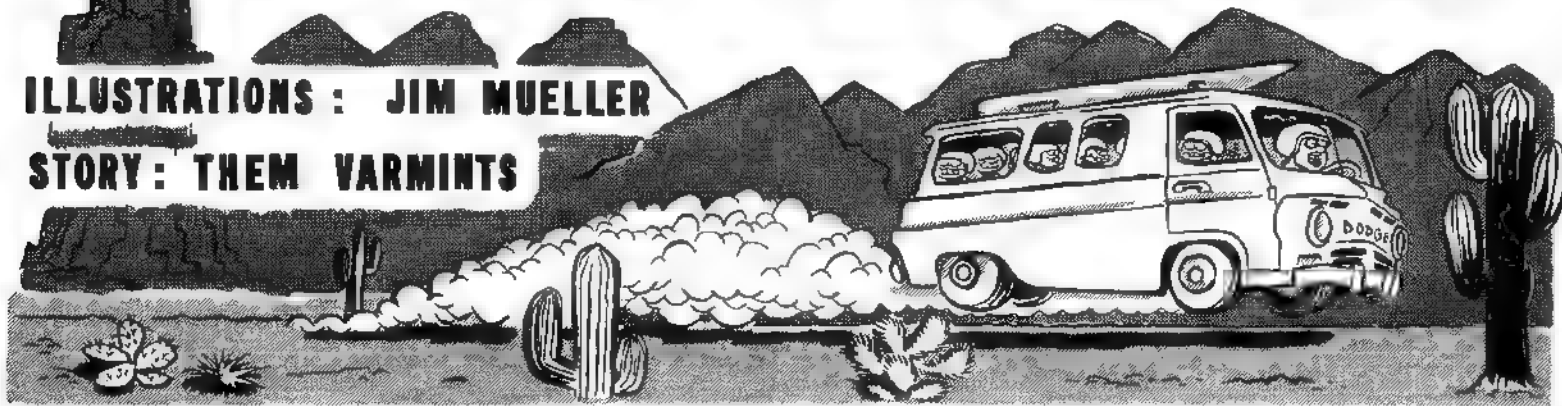
SNAKE IN THE GAS...



NEVER HOUND A HARE-BRAINED LEADER

ILLUSTRATIONS: JIM MUELLER

STORY: THEM VARMINTS



MAN, THAT SCENERY'S
REAL *NUTHIN'*!



IT'S *THIRSTY*-LOOKIN'
GEOGRAPHY, ALRIGHTY!



WOT YA SUPPOSE OL' *FUZZY-
FACE'S* GOT IN MIND?

HE'S GOT A *MIND*?



OKAY, YA MISERABLE LIL'
KRITTERS... *EVERYTHING OUT!*



WATCH WHERE YER *DRIVIN'*, CHARLIE-BABY!

DRIVIN'? WHO'S DRIVIN'? I'M JES'
ALONG FER THE RIDE!

MAKE WAY FER THE WILD ONE!

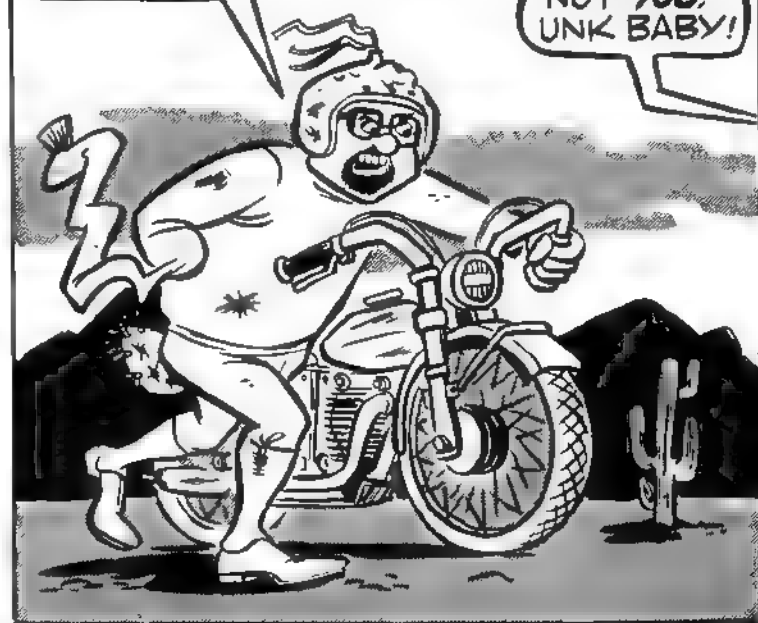




I **KNEW** HE'D NEVER MAKE IT! **WHO'S** HE THINK HE IS.. **BOB GREENE?**



ENOUGH WITH THE KIBITZIN! **SO WHO'S** PERFECT?



NOW HERE'S THE PLAN. THE NAME OF THIS GAME IS **HARE & HOUNDS**. I'LL BE THE **HARE**. YOU THINGS ARE THE **HOUNDS**! GIMME A TEN MINUTE START AN' THEN, YA COME LOOKIN' FER ME. DIG?



WOTTA RANK PLAN!

KIN WE PLAY **MONOPOLY** INSTEAD?

YER THE **FATTEST** HAIR I EVER SEEN, MAN!

SHHHH! WANNA HURT THE FAT SLOB'S FEELIN'S?

HE'S GOT FEELIN'S?

I WANNA DRINK UH WATER!

VOTE FER FEARLESS FRED WAINGROW

OKAY! YOU THINGS CATCH ME..

RRUMP

.. IF YA CAN!

RRRRUMP

SCREEECH

I'VE HEARD OF SOME STUPID ACTION BUT **THIS** GIG TAKES THE CRUMMY OL' CAKE!

I'M HEP, THING-BABY!

WOT IF WE CAN'T FIND HIM?

KEEP IT JP, MAN!
I LIKE YER THINKIN'!

WOTTA WAY TO
BEAT THE HEAT!

I WANNA DRINK
UH WATER!

THEM DUMB LIL' VARMINTS'LL NEVER
CATCH ME AT **THIS** RATE!

WARNING!
MINE
CONDEMNED

WARNING!
MINE
CONDEMNED

YIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

TEN HOURS IS LONG ENOUGH
TO LOOK FER **ANYBODY!**

I'M WITH
YOU, MAN!



MAYBE HE ALREADY
GOT BACK.

AN' US OUT THERE
LOOKIN' FER HIM
ALL DAY? **YEGHHH!**



WE MIGHT AS WELL
GO HOME. HE'S GONNA
HIDE ALL NIGHT.
THE **SCREWBALL!**

AIN'T WE EVEN GONNA
TELL GHOST STORIES
OR SING SONGS OR
NUTHIN'?

SAY, YER **SUMPIN'**
ELSE, AREN'T'CHA!

THIS ROUGHIN' IT BIT
IS FER CUBE SCOUTS,
MAN!

YER GONNA **SPOIL**
YER APPETITE

GLUGGITY, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG!



I WONDER WHERE
THAT **CHUBBY NUT**
WENT?

OH, HE'S PROBABLY
HOLED-UP SOMEWHERE'S
FER **LAFFS!**



...AN IF I EVER GET **OUTA** HERE,
I'M ONLY GONNA PLAY GAMES
LIKE **MONOPOLY** AN' ALL!

YOU
KNOCKIN'
THIS COOL PAD,
PARTNER?

COMPANY
DROPPED IN,
HUH?

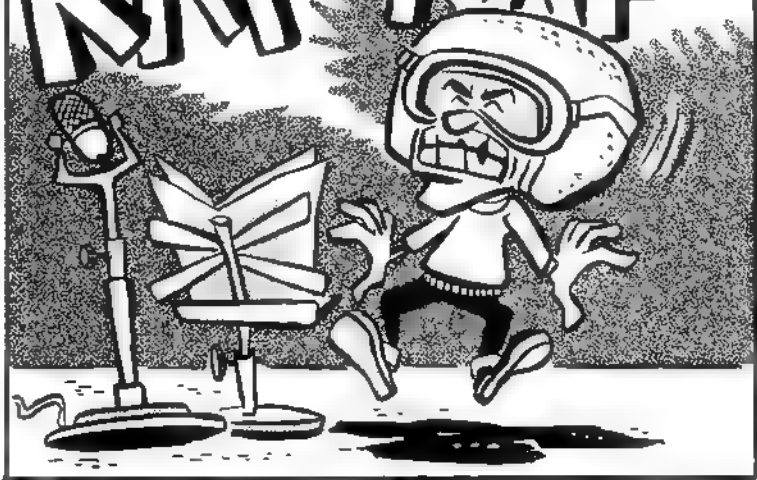
YEAH, AN'
THE PLACE
IS A **MESS!**



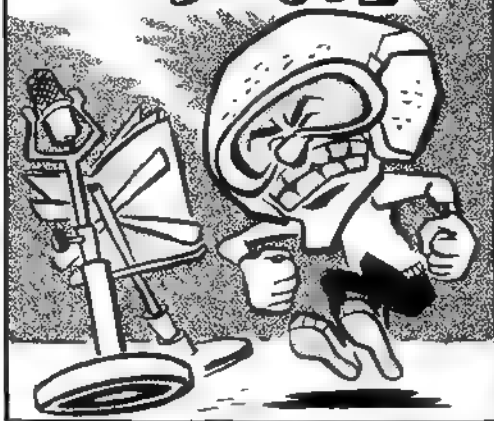
STRIP HIT



ROMP ROMP RAP RAP



SCREEEEEEEE EEEEEECH



ARRR... ROOMM



VOOOOOM



RECORDING
STUDIO

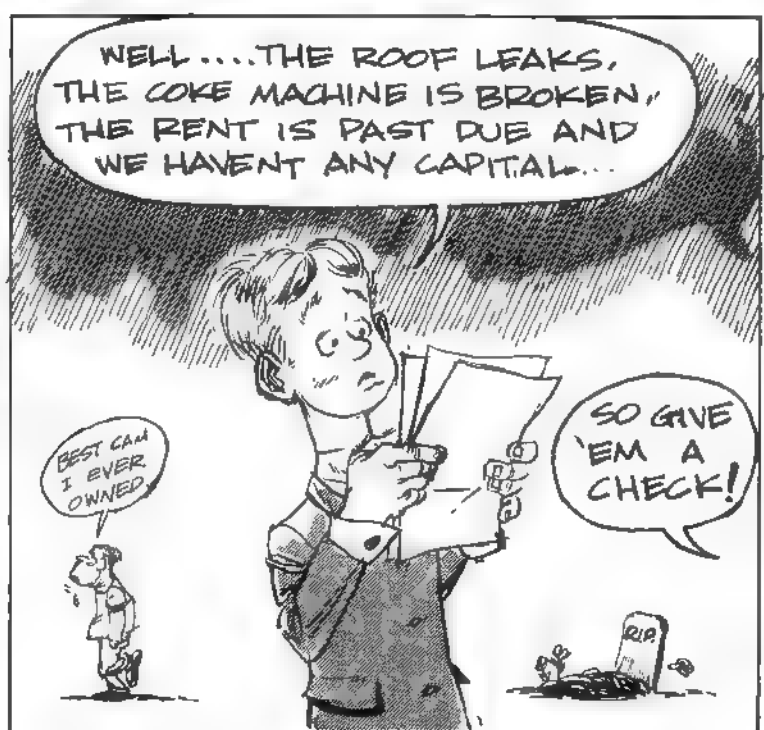
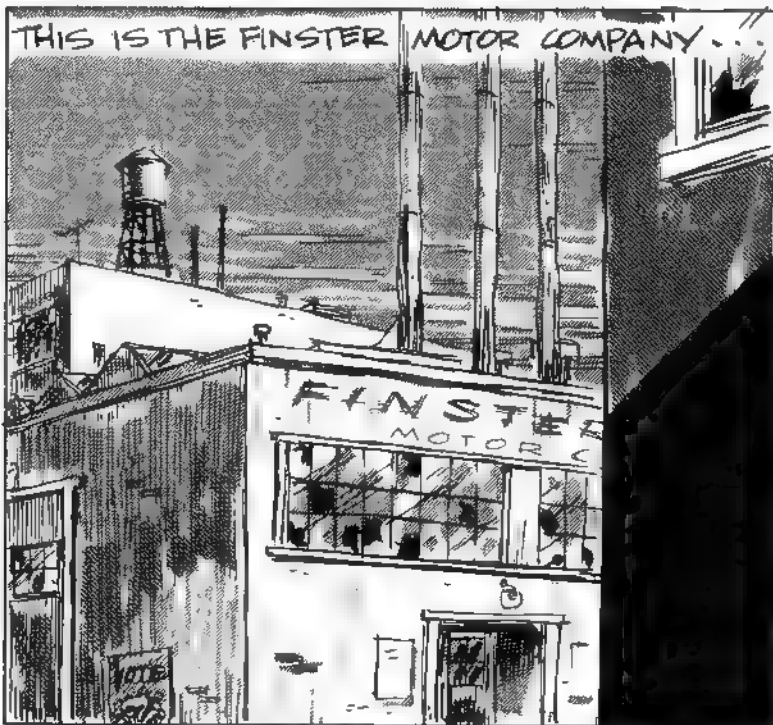
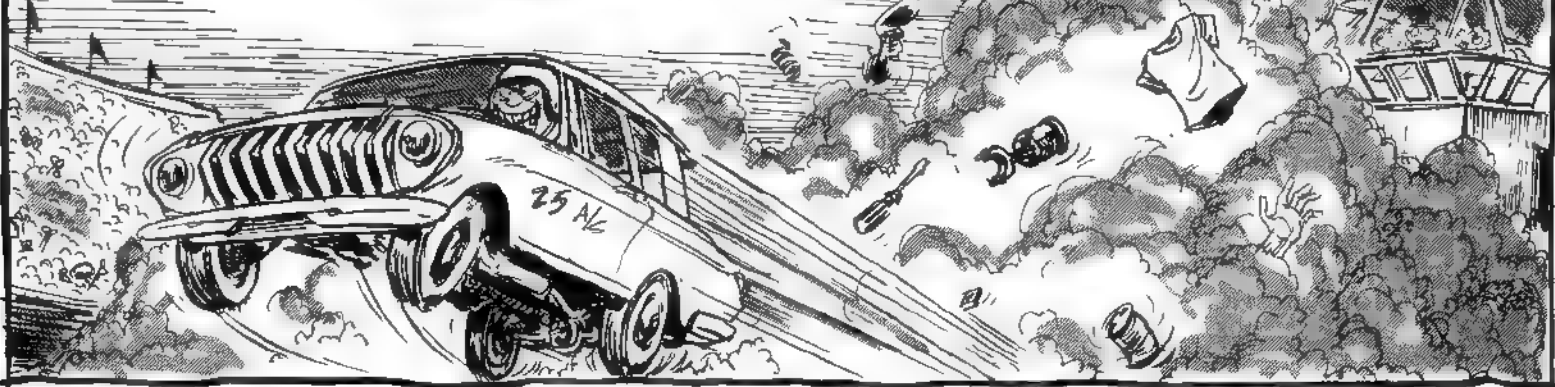
CONGRATULATIONS CRAIG,
YOUR NEW RECORD
IS FAB....FAB!!

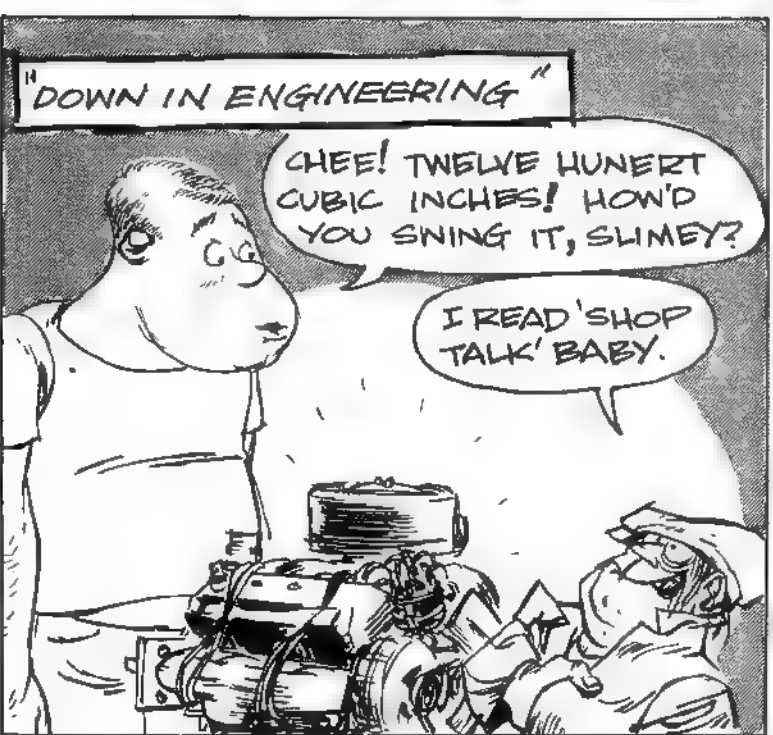
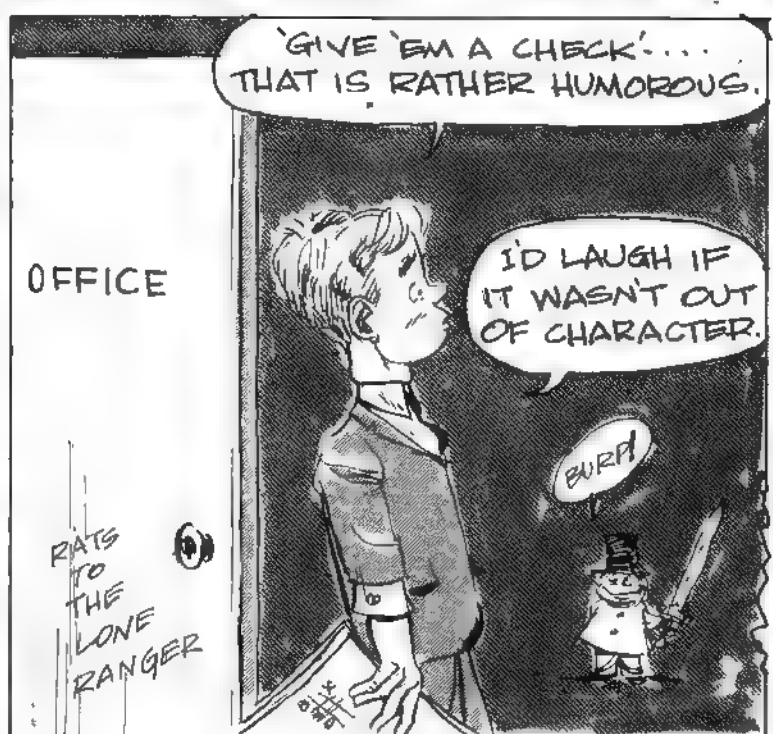
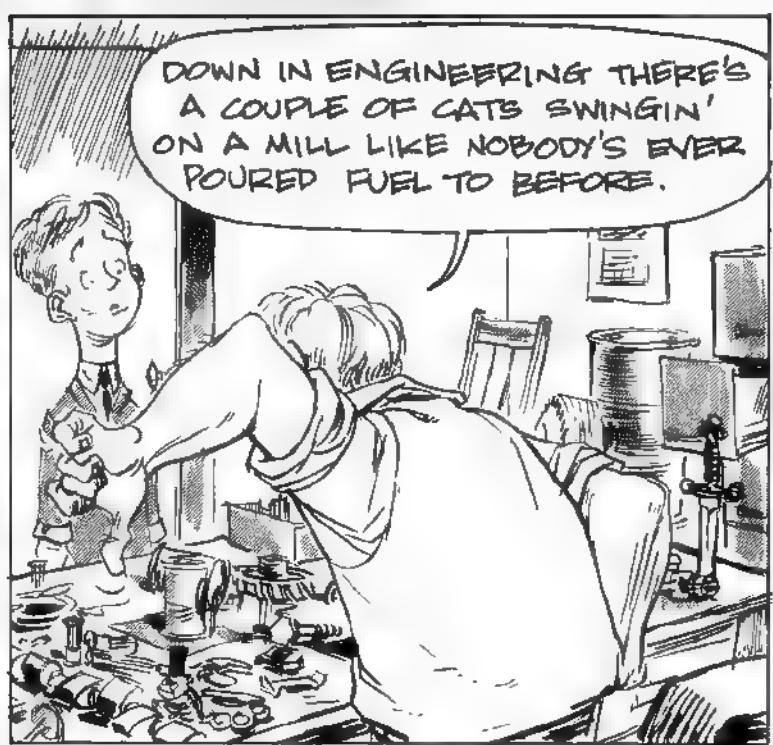


SOUNDS
FROM
BONNEVILLE
AND BEYOND

MUELLER

LOOK STOCK AND CARRY A BIG MILL





'A FIVE HUNDRED POUND
WRENCH!' DIDN'T THAT
CAUSE SOME PROBLEMS?

ONLY WHEN I
TRIED TO CARRY
IT IN MY BACK
POCKET.

WITH THAT KINDA
MATERIAL YOU
OUGHT'A START
YOUR OWN COMIC
BOOK, SLIME.

CURB YOUR
DIRTY MOUTH,
FINK!

BERRY
WHO?

MEANWHILE: BACK AT SLAVE CITY.

HOT HEADERS, SIR!
WE JUST SOLD A
FINSTER!

DOESN'T HE
EVER KNOCK?

HE DID ONCE,
BUT IT LEFT
A SCARE ON
HIS HEAD.

NOW I SUPPOSE
HE'S JUST GOING
TO STAND THERE
ALL DAY!

YEAH, CRAWLY, ARE
YOU JUST GONNA
STAND THERE ALL
DAY?

WELL, YOU SEE SIR, THERE
AREN'T ANY FINSTER'S
ASSEMBLED AN....

IN THAT CASE
IT'S OFF TO THE
ASSEMBLY
LINE.

YES,
SIR.

PUTT

POTY

RAP

POP

GET THE LEAD
OUT, CRAWLY!
I'M IN A
HURRY!

YES,
SIR!

ANOTHER FINE FINSTER AUTOMOBILE
ROLLS OUTA THE FACTORY AN'
INTO THE GARAGE OF SOME
HAPPY OWNER—EH, CRAWLY?

RIGHT
(PANT)
(PANT)
SIR!

HEY, WHAT HAPPUN
TO THE MILL WE
WUS TOOLIN'
AROUND ON?

YEAH, WHAT
HAPPEN TO
IT?

YEAH,
WHAT?

CRAWLY, YOU DUMB HEAD
YOU PUT OUR BIG MILL
IN THE **WRONG CAR!**

HOW THICK
OF ME

CHEE! I
WONDER
WHO GOT
IT?

TIME PASSES (COMIC BOOK TALK FOR LATER)

HEY, LOOK!
AIN'T THAT A
FINSTER?

YEAH!
HA, HA!

DIG THAT
PITIFUL OL'
FINSTER!

PROBABLY
HAS AN E.T.
OF 12 MINUTES

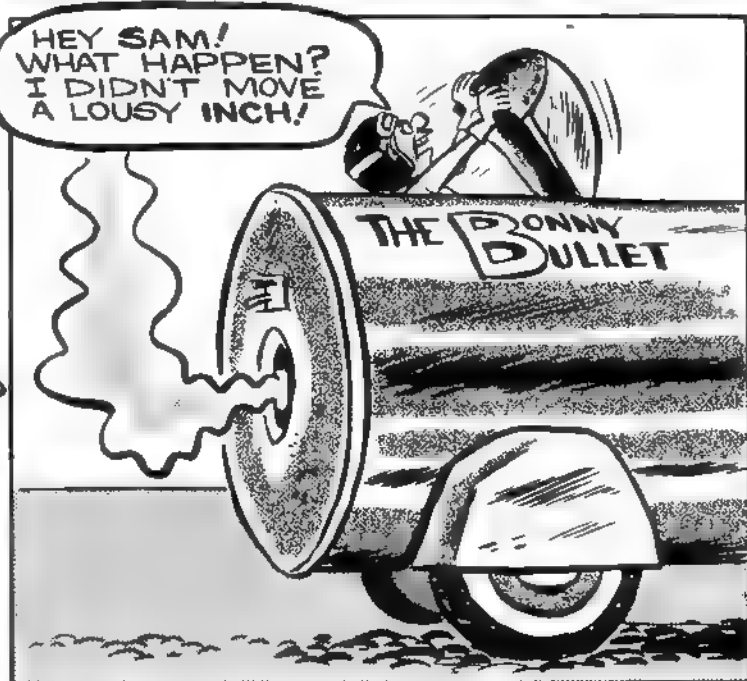
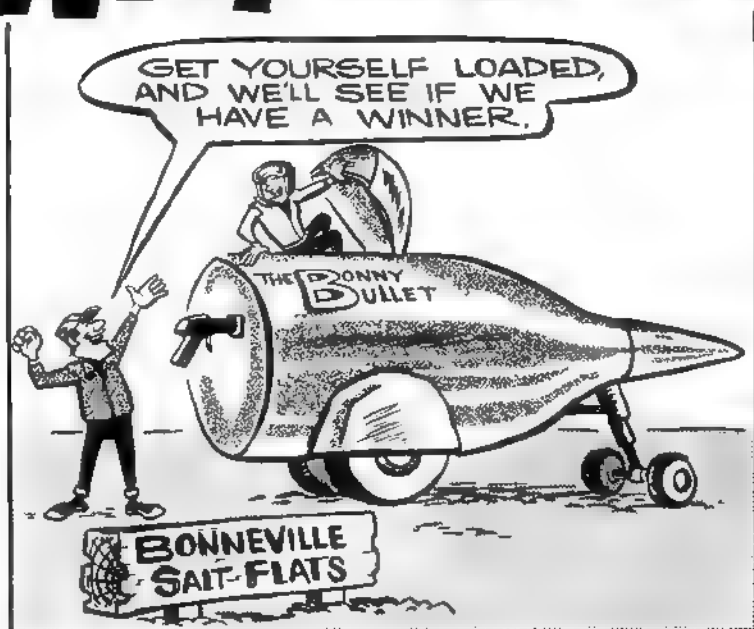


PROTEST!

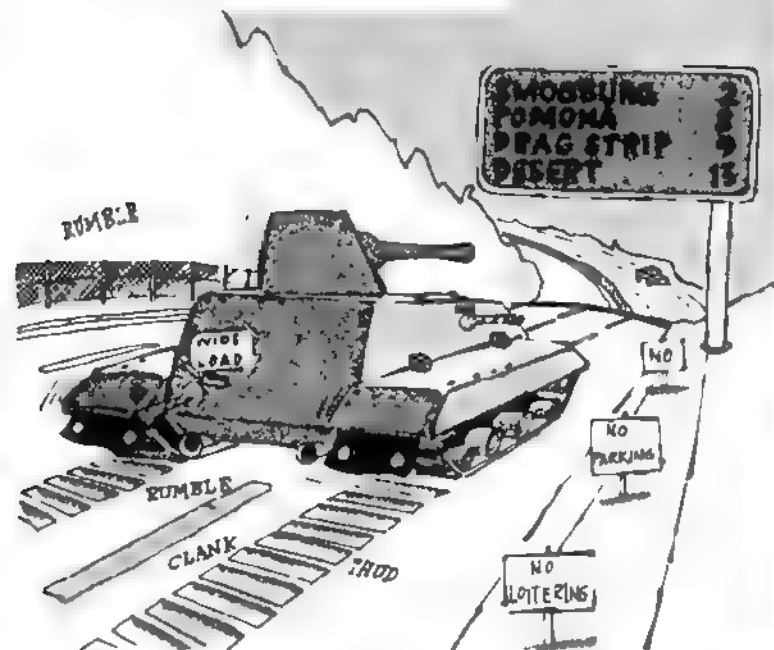
LOOK AT
THAT
THINGIE
GO!

STAMP
OUT
POSTAGE

WAY-OUT WIN



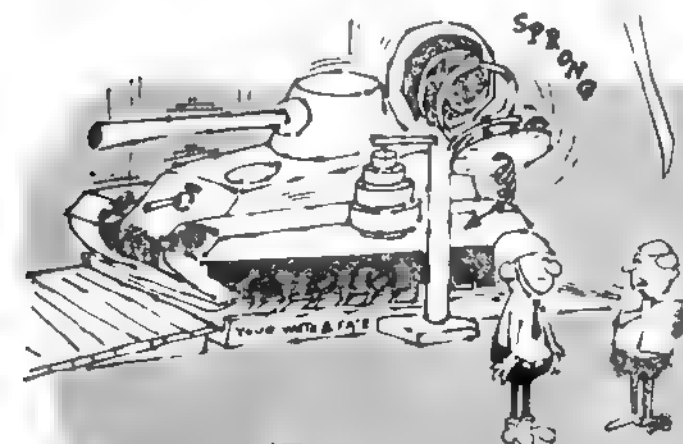
T'ANKS A LOT !



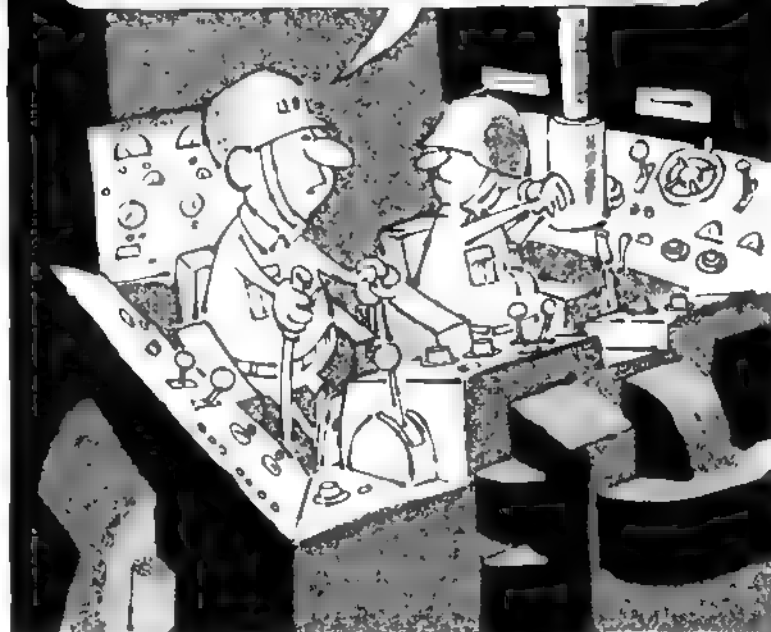
YEAH... HE THINKS IT'LL BE GOOD PUBLIC RELATIONS!



WELL - NOW THAT YOU'RE WEIGHED IN - LET'S TRY TO FIND SOMEONE FOR YOU TO RUN AGAINST!



ARE YOU SURE THE GENERAL WANTS US TO TAKE THIS THING TO THE DRAGS?



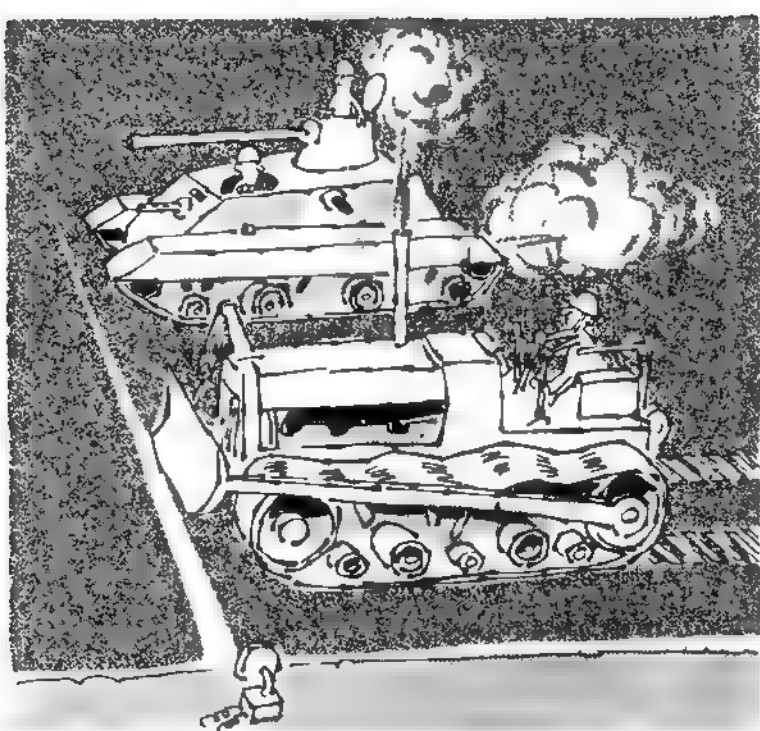
I GUESS THE ARMY COULD USE A BETTER IMAGE, PUBLIC-WISE...



LATER...

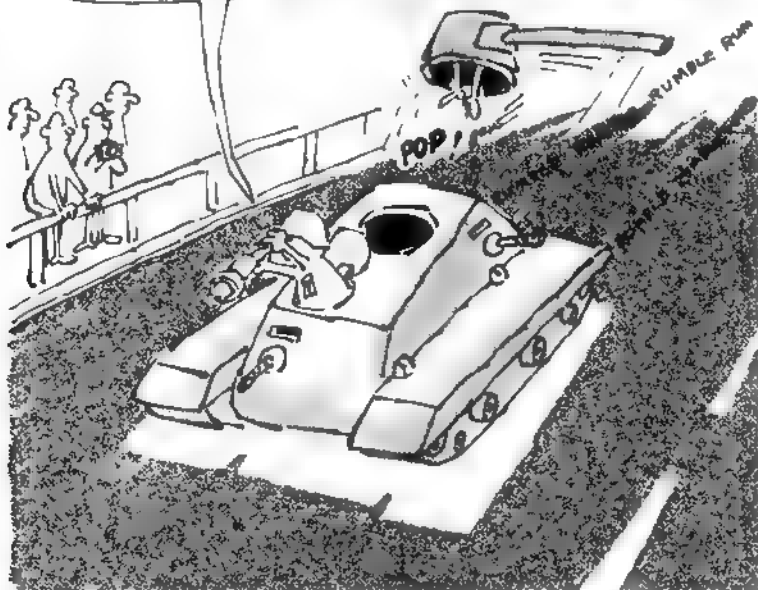
WE'RE ALL SET! WHO DO WE RACE?





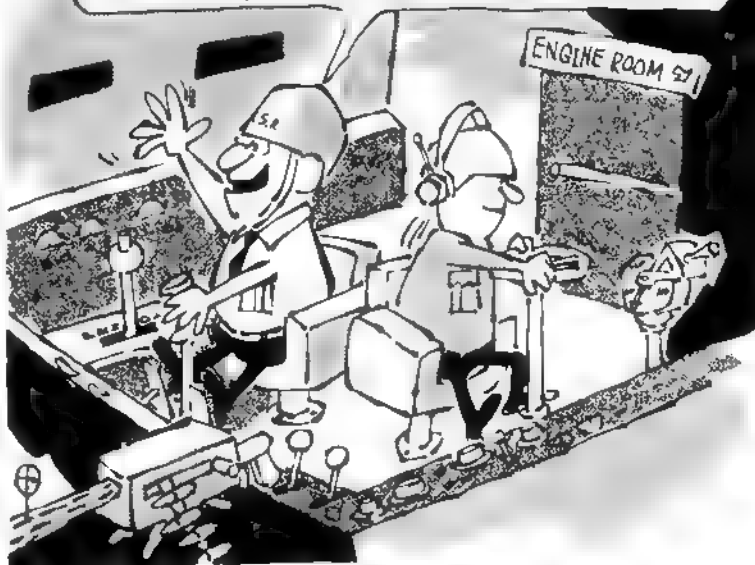
FIFTEEN
MINUTES LATER

...WE'RE FALLING BEHIND!
JETTISON THE EXTRA WEIGHT NOW!



MUCH, MUCH LATER.

WE'RE GAINING! GET READY
TO SHIFT TO COMPOUND THIRD!!!



WE WON - WE WON!
WHAT'S OUR E.T.?



GEE - UH - WE FORGOT TO WIND
THE CLOCKS BEFORE THE RACE...
...AND THEY ALL RAN DOWN!!

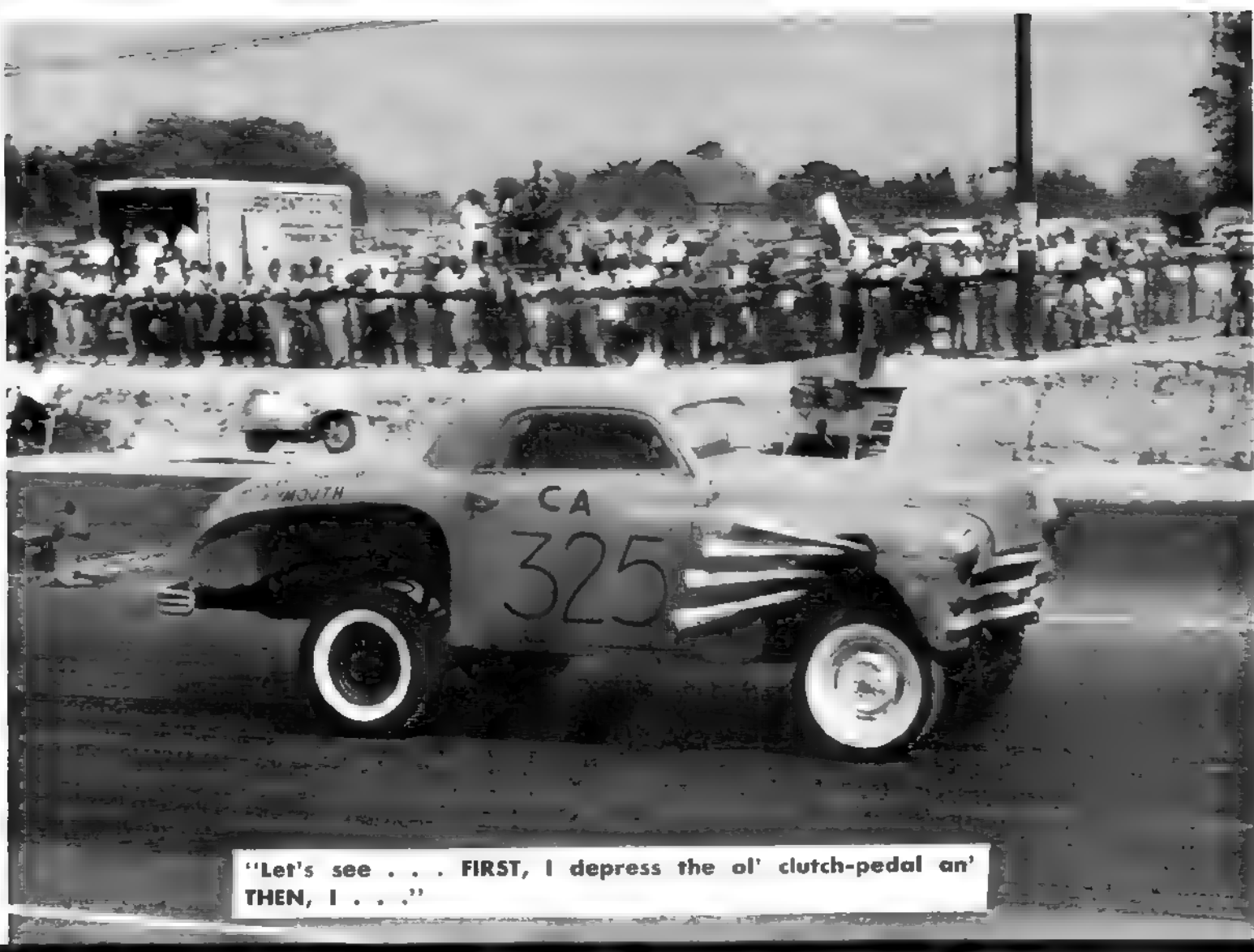


Nelson Lowrey

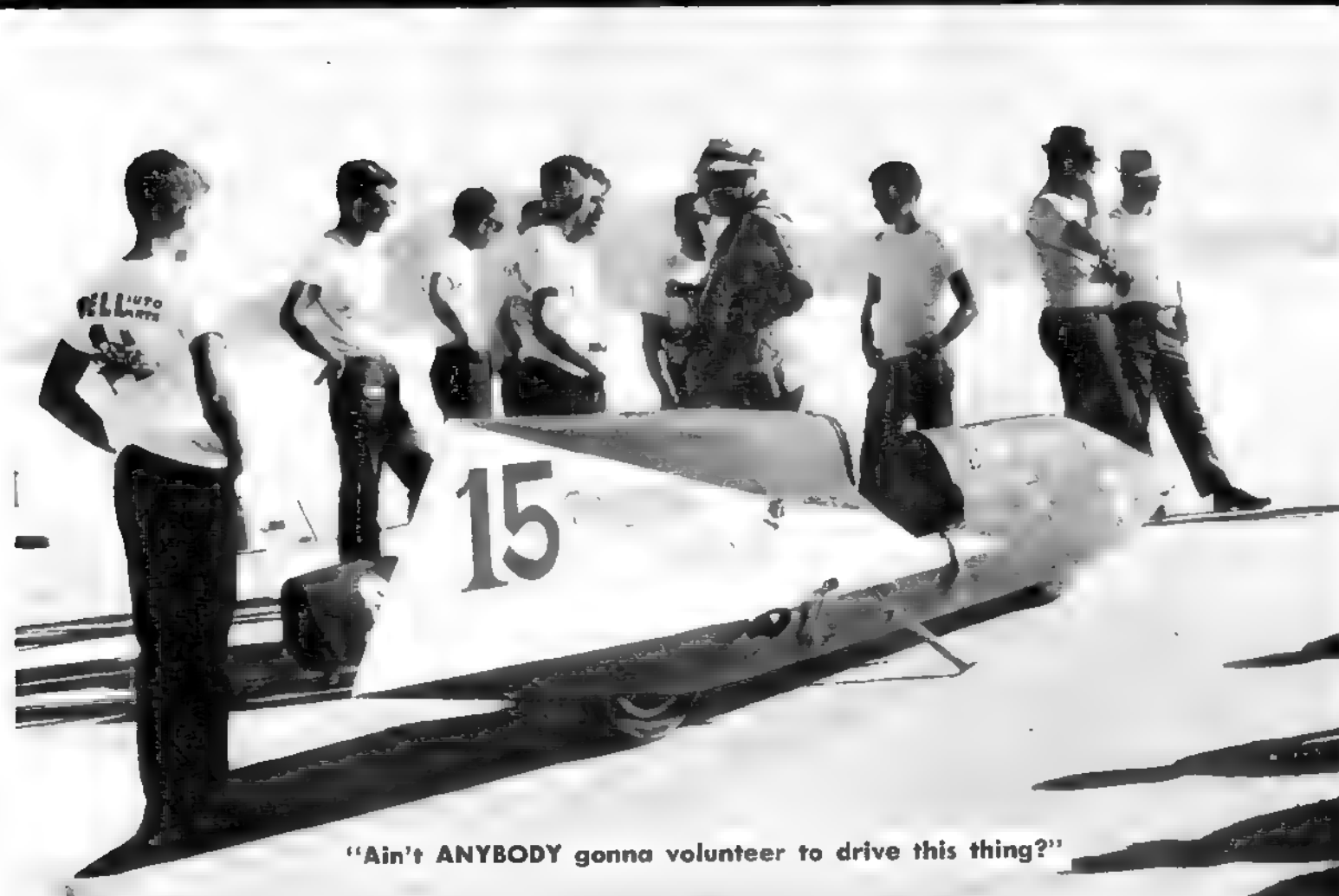


HOCUS FOCUS



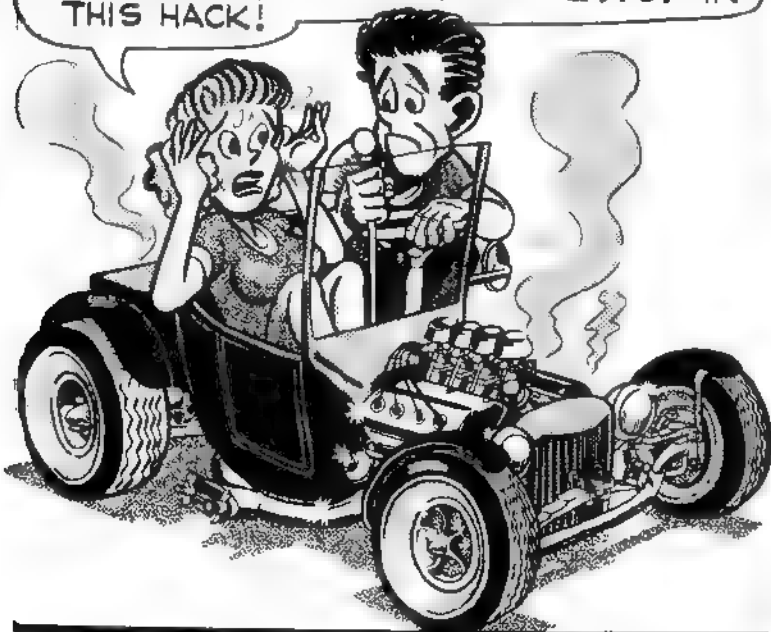


"Let's see . . . FIRST, I depress the ol' clutch-pedal an'
THEN, I . . ."



"Ain't ANYBODY gonna volunteer to drive this thing?"

OLD FRIEND, IT'S LIKE, AWFUL **HOT** IN THIS HACK!



AND THE FUMES ARE REALLY A GAS—WHY DON'T YOU GET ONE OF THOSE CUTE LITTLE SPORTS CARS?

YICCCC!



LOVE IS A MONEY SPLINTERED THING

LEMMONS

OR I GET ME ANOTHER FELLA—DO YOU READ ME, CLYDE?

LIKE, LOUD AND CLEAR!



OKAY—LET'S GO INSIDE AND I'LL TRADE IN MY ROD ON A SPORTY-TYPE CAR!



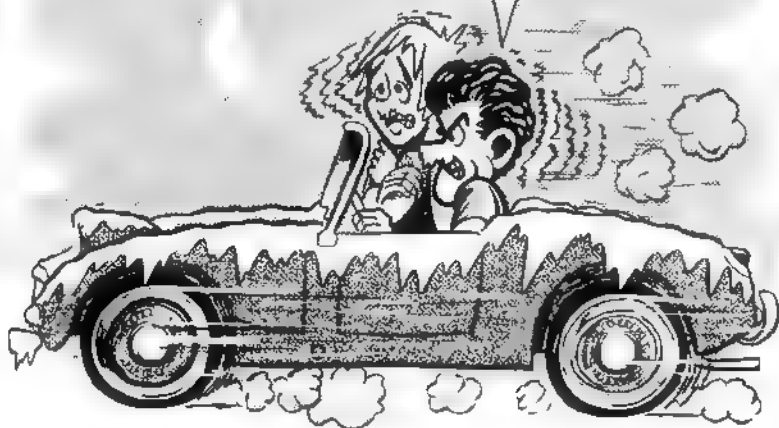
ISN'T THIS THE MOST EXHILARATING AND REFRESHING AND INVIGORATING CAR—LIKE—THE MOST!

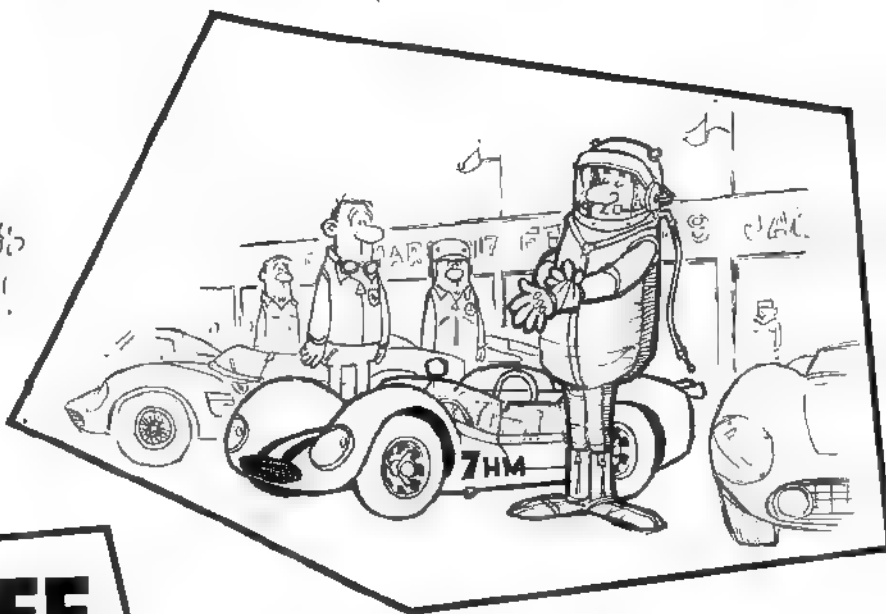
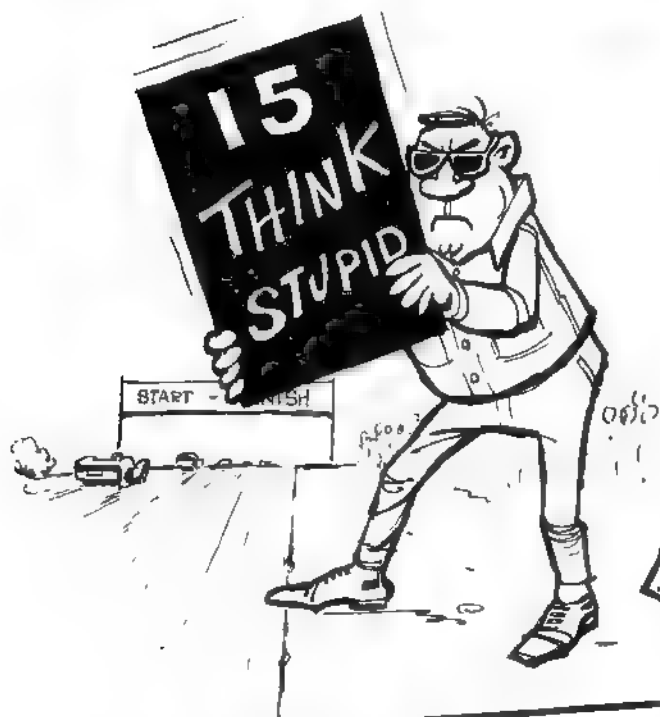
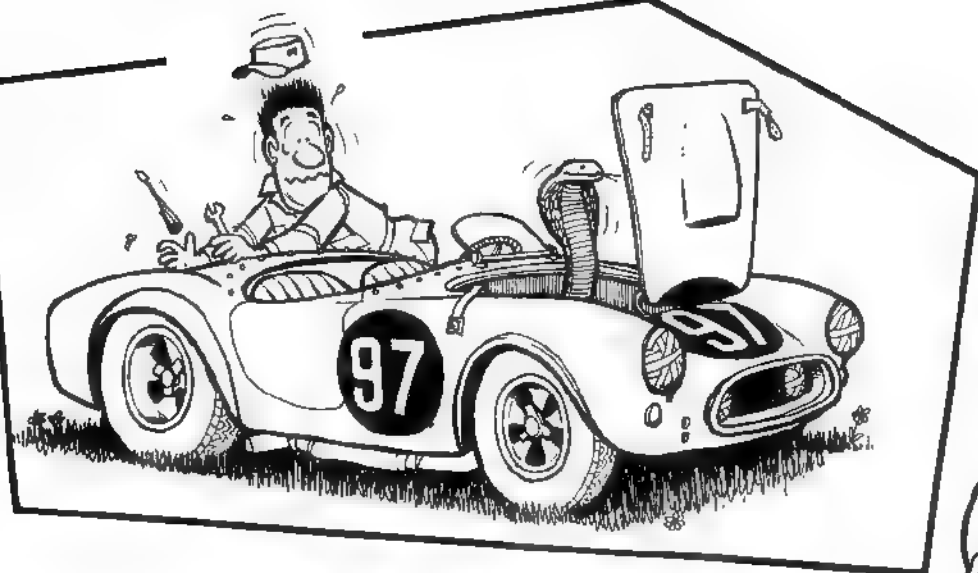
YEH! AIN'T IT, THO!



THAT NIGHT...

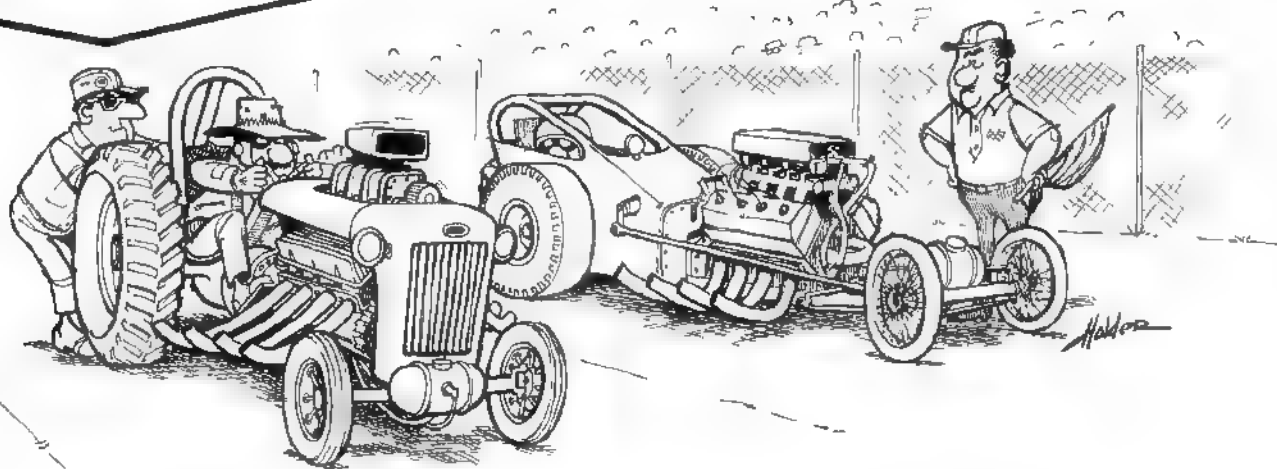
HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YA I ALREADY **GOT** THE HEATER TURNED ON?



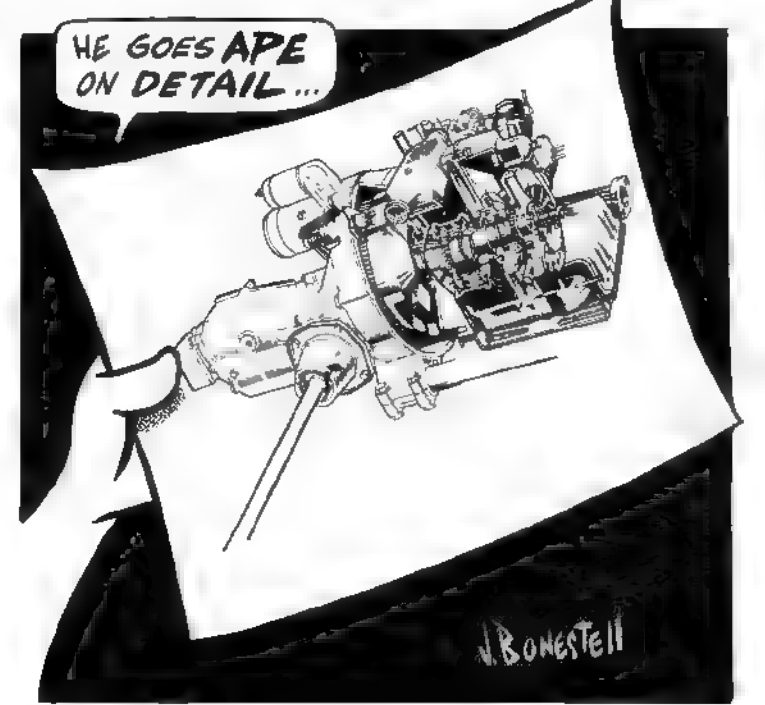
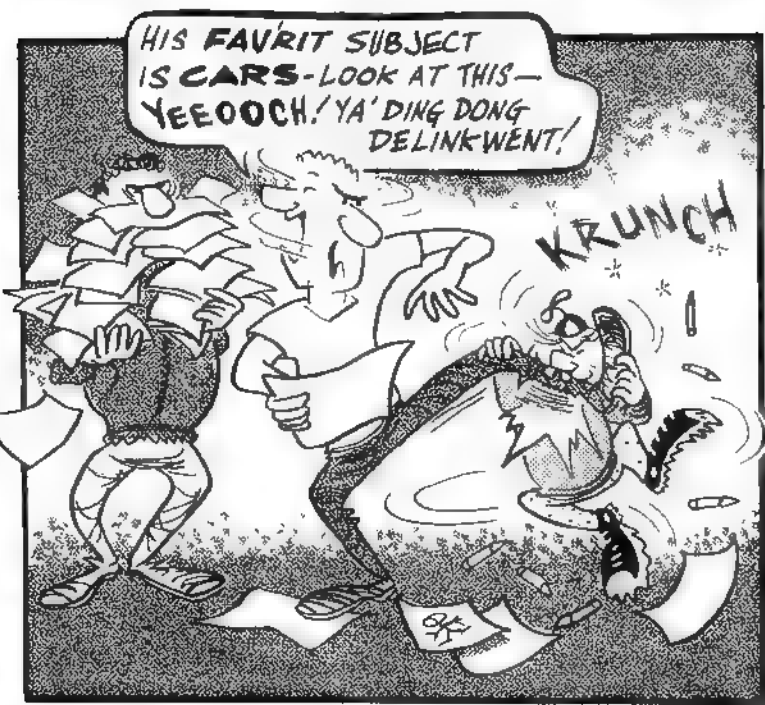
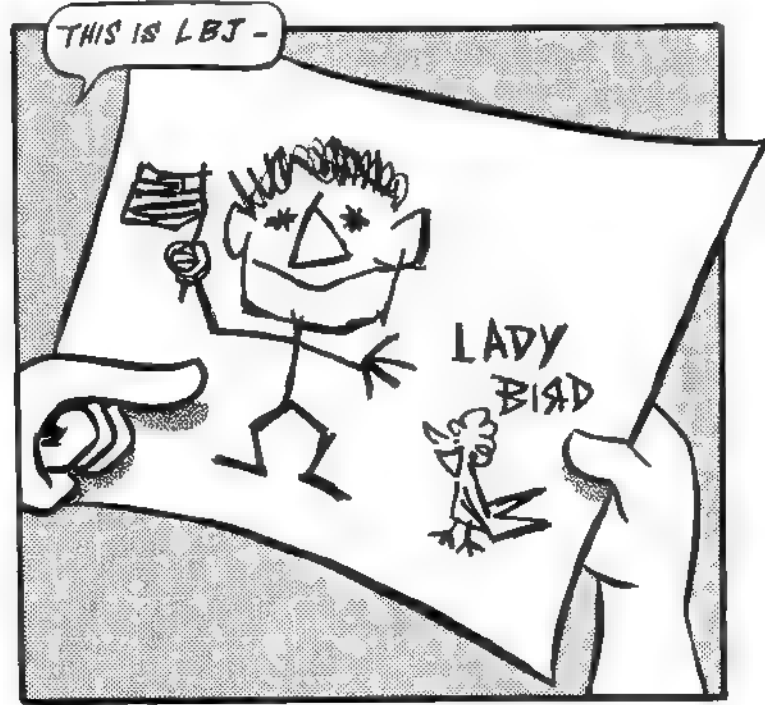
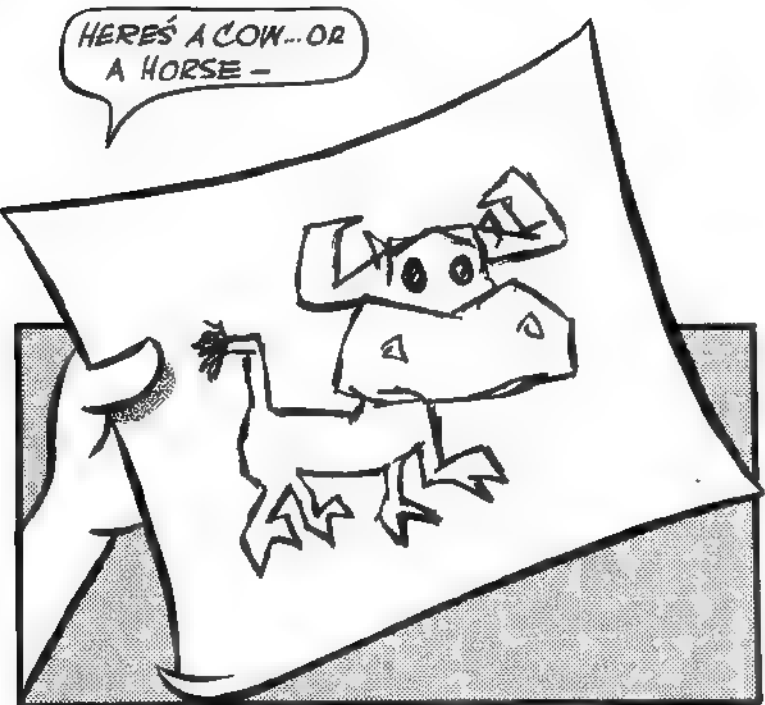


SILENT STUFF

By JOE T. HOLDER



FOR ART'S SAKE



IF TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE...



...THEN, TWO CARTOON BOOKS ARE MOOGALOONIE*PLUS!

Ya wanna go through life with only ONE jolly? Why not romp along the same route with BOTH of the best jollies being published! Now ya kin have **HOT ROD CARTOONS** and **CARTOONS** on the same subscription, and ya save bread in the process, man! All ya need is \$3.50 and the everlovin' courage to dig it outa yer jeans! Send yer loot along with the coupon below and start gittin' the greatest supply of Moogaloonie* ever dredged from the Humor Mines!

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(Please print)

Please send me

- ☐ **HOT ROD CARTOONS** for 1 Year (six issues), \$2.00*
- ☐ **CARTOONS** for 1 Year (six issues), \$2.00*
- ☐ **BOTH** for 1 year, \$3.50*

NAME _____

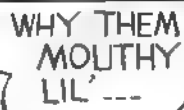
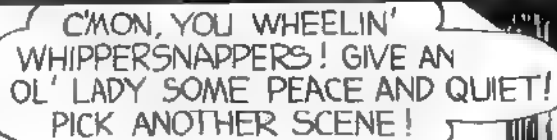
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

*U.S. Possessions & Military Only

GRANNY McGO



LISTEN, OFFICER, I WANT YOU FUZZ-FELLERS TO PUT THE **NAB** ON THEM FEISTY LIL' SPEEDSTERS! I'M A **TAXPAYER**, Y'KNOW!

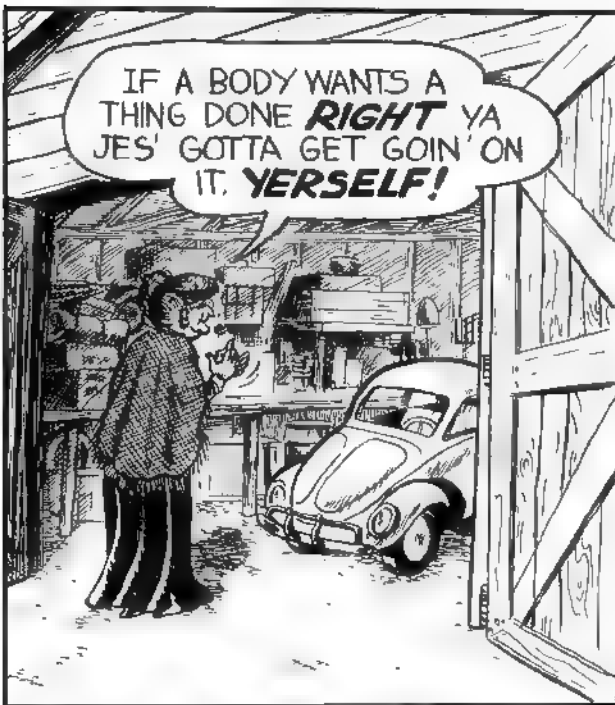


LADY, WE CAN'T CATCH 'EM MOST OF THE TIME. THE CITY ONLY GIVES US **STOCK CARS** AND THOSE KIDS DRIVE THE **FASTEST** IRON ON WHEELS!

OKAY... **FERGIT IT** SONNY!



IF A BODY WANTS A THING DONE **RIGHT** YA JES' GOTTA GET GOIN' ON IT. **YERSELF!**



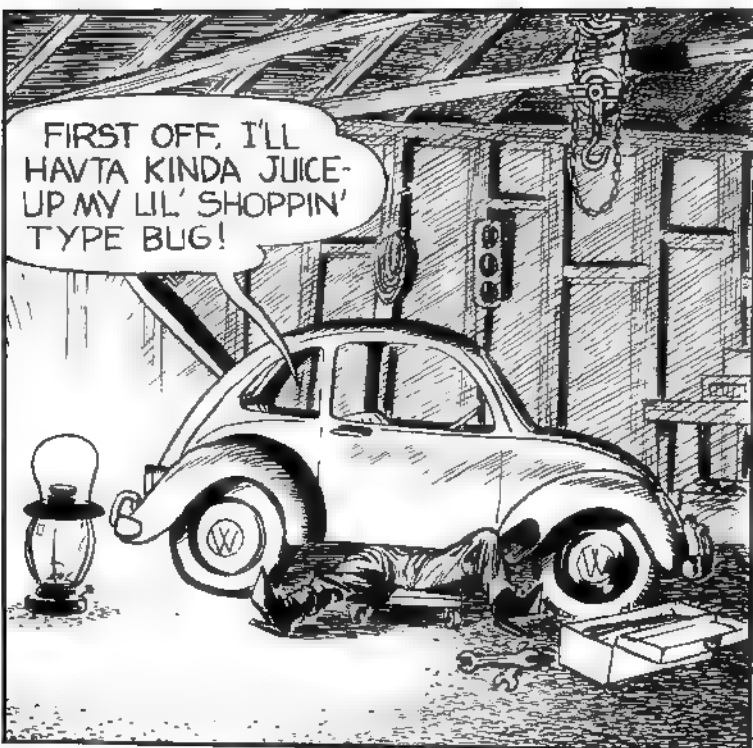
AN I'M JES' THE OL' CUTIE.....



...WHO KIN **WIN** THIS GIG!



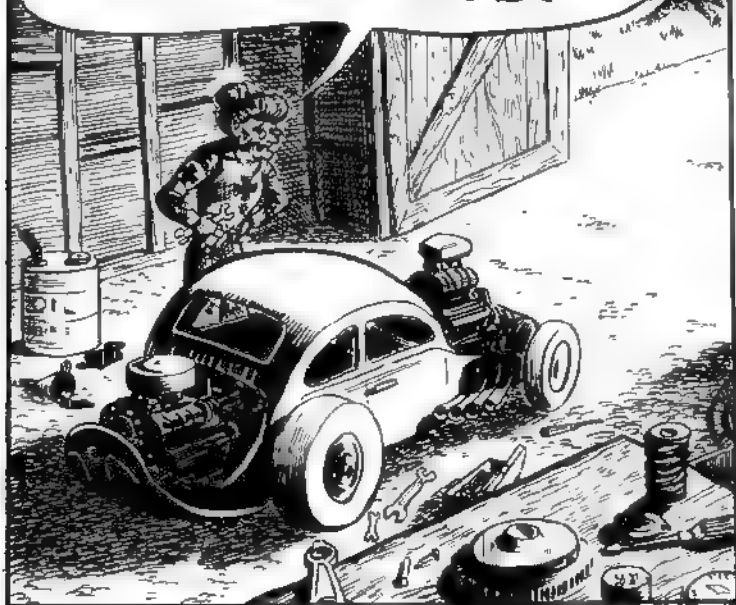
FIRST OFF, I'LL HAVTA KINDA JUICE-UP MY LIL' SHOPPIN' TYPE BUG!



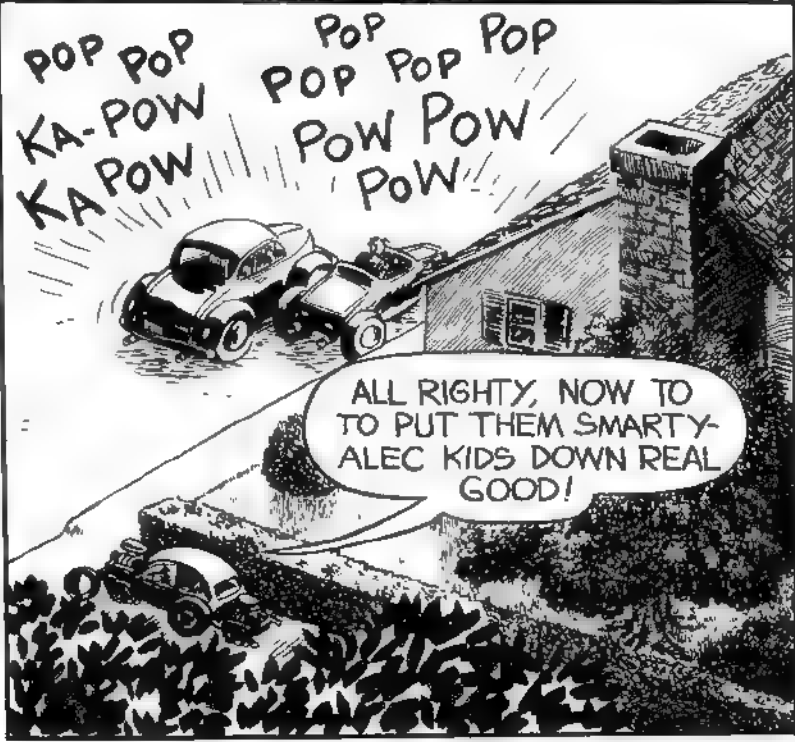
GOOD THING MY LATE, LAMENTED OLD MAN SHOWED ME HOW TO REBUILD MILLS AND ALL! IT SURE BEATS KNITTIN' FOR KICKS!



SORTA WEIRD BUT REAL
WUNNERFUL JES' THE SAME!
AN' IT OUGHTA **GO** LIKE IT WAS
RUNNIN' FER IT'S **LIFE!**

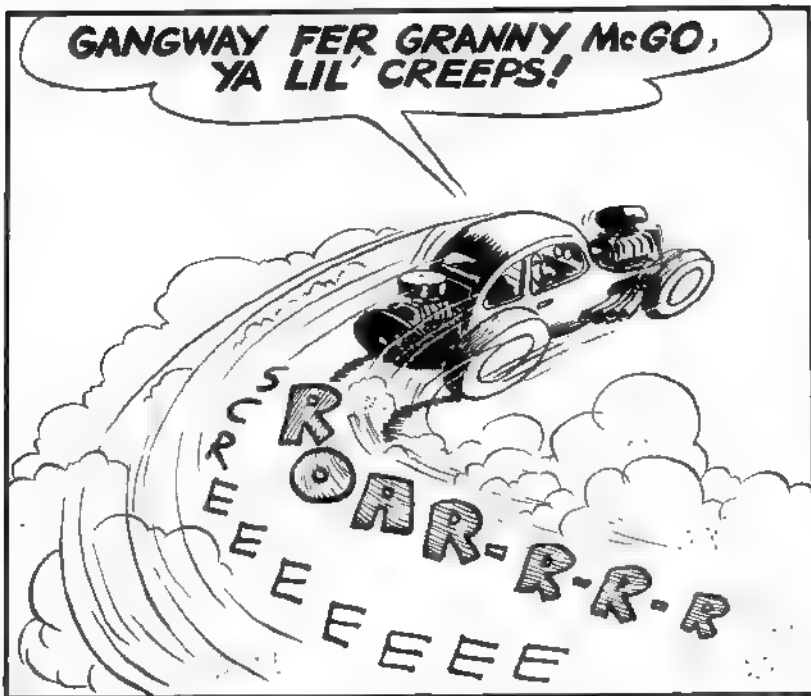


POP POP
KA-POW
KA POW
POP POP POP
POW POW
POW

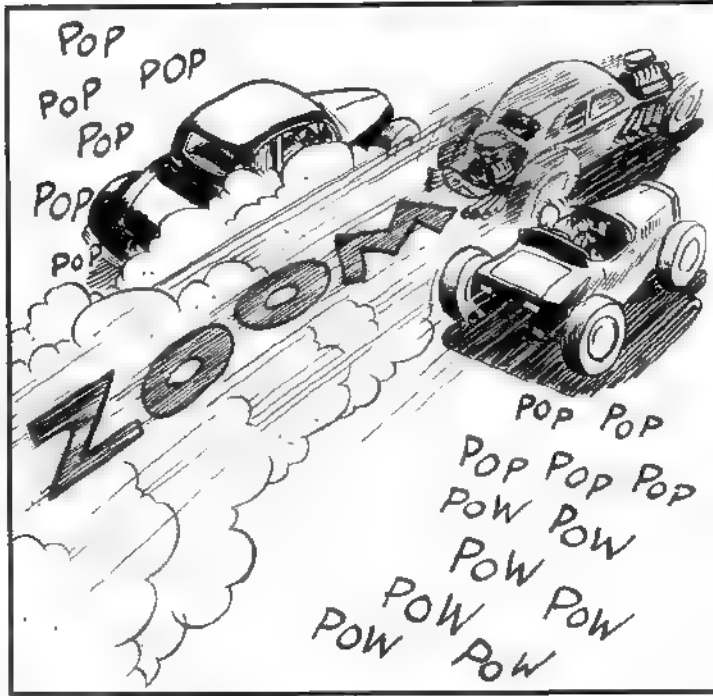


ALL RIGHTY, NOW TO
TO PUT THEM SMARTY-
ALEC KIDS DOWN REAL
GOOD!

**GANGWAY FER GRANNY McGO,
YA LIL' CREEPS!**



POP
POP POP
POP
POP
POP

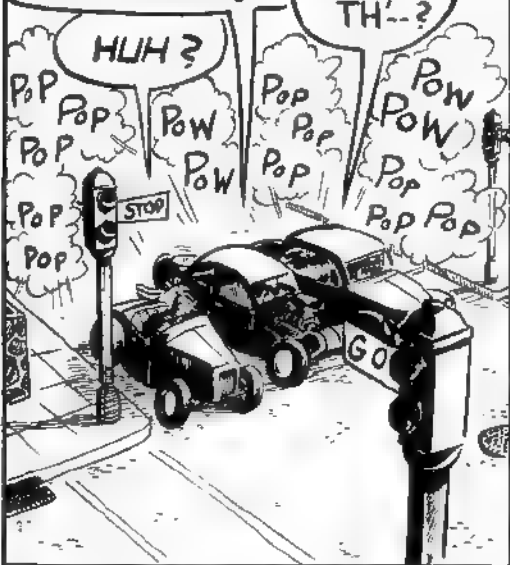


POP POP
POP POP POP
POW POW
POW POW
POW POW
POW POW

MEET A **WINNER**, YA LIL'
CLODS! WANNA
TRY **AGAIN?**

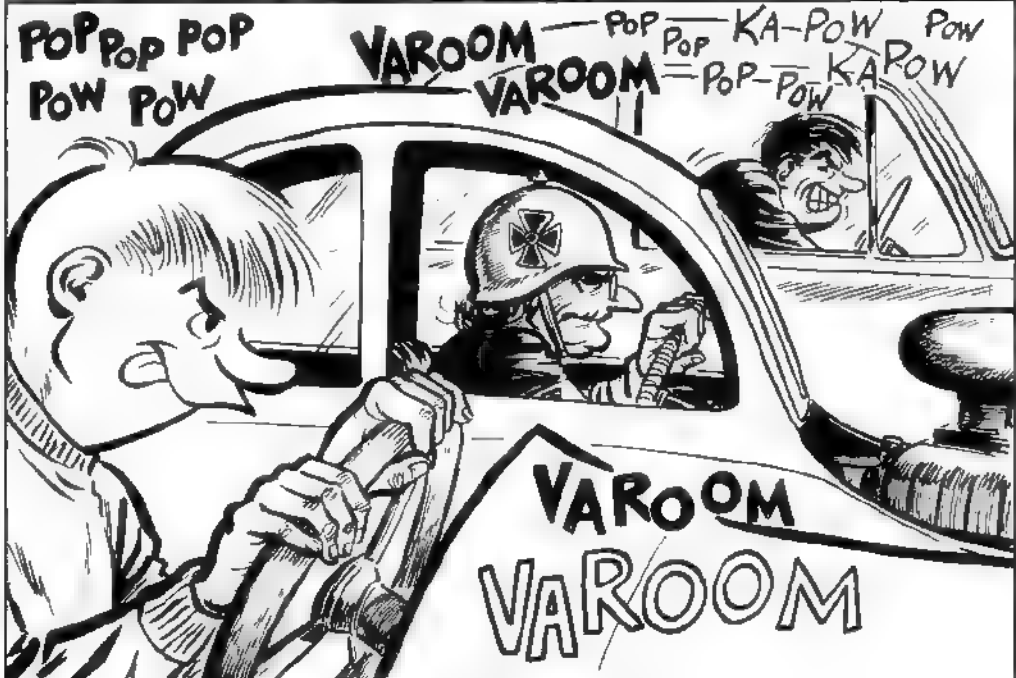
WHAT
TH--?

HLUH?



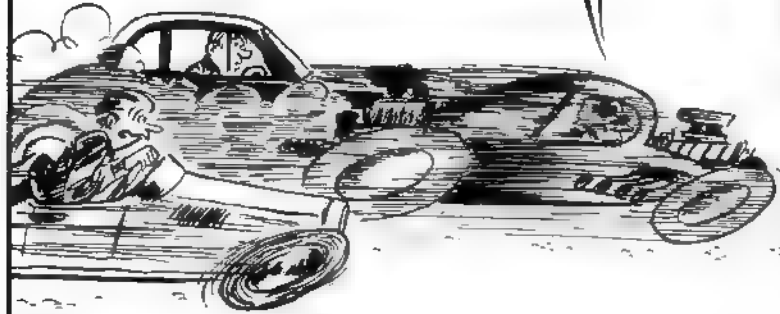
POP POP POP
POW POW

VAROOM VAROOM
POW POW KA-POW POW
POW POW KA-POW



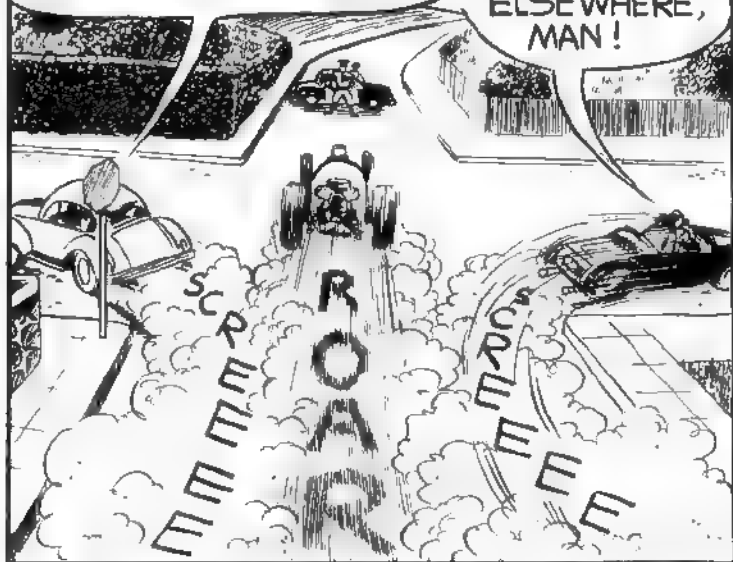
VAROOM
VAROOM

EAT SMOKE,
YA HAS-BEENS!



COOL IT!
ROAD-BLOCKSVILLE!

I'M HEP!
SEE YA
ELSEWHERE,
MAN!



SAAAAAAY,
YOU'RE SOMETHIN'
ELSE, AREN'T'CHA?

OH, **FUDGE!**

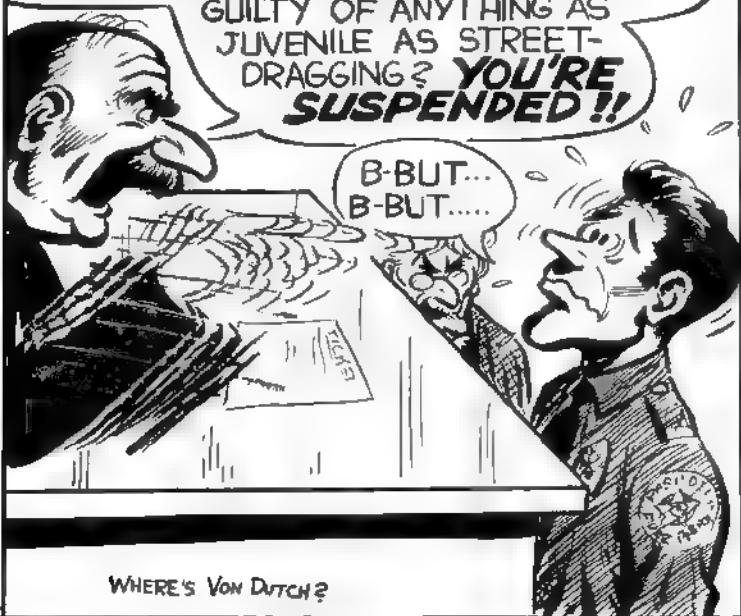


....AN' I SIMPLY CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THIS
TERRIBLE MISTAKE IS ALL **ABOUT** YER HONOR, SIR.
I'M JES' A HARMLESS **RICH** LIL' OLD SOUL
WHO GIVES A HUNNERT-GRAND **EVERY**
YEAR TO THE **CITY FUND** AN'....



YOU MORON! HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY
EXPECT ME TO **BELIEVE** ONE OF OUR
FAIR CITY'S **FOUNDERS** WOULD BE
GUILTY OF ANYTHING AS
JUVENILE AS STREET-
DRAGGING? **YOU'RE**
SUSPENDED!!

B-BUT...
B-BUT....



WHERE'S VON DUTCH?

...AND I'M THE **ONLY** GUY ON THE
FORCE WHO KEEPS SEEING THIS
WILD LITTLE OLD BAG
SCREAMING AROUND
TOWN IN THE MEANEST
LITTLE HAULER
THAT EVER....

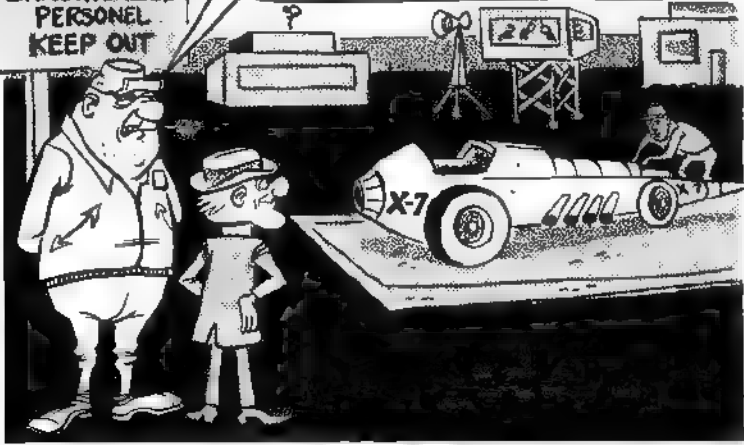
TSK.
TSK,
TSK.



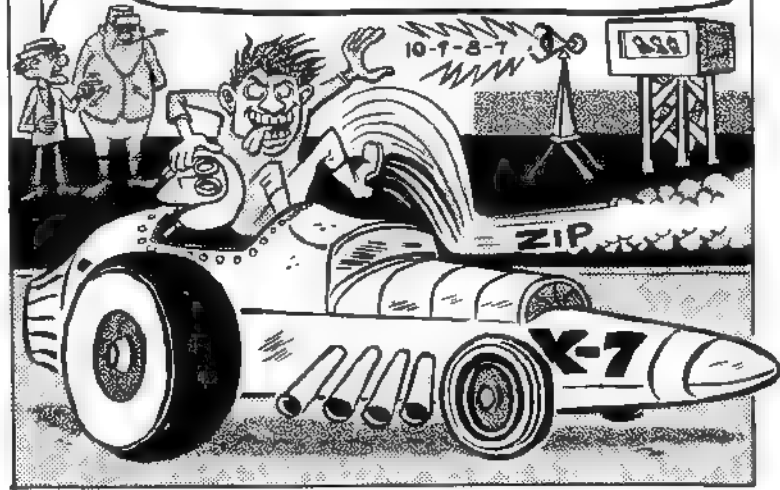
RAIL: ROADED

CAPE CARR
DRAGSTER TESTING
AREA
UNAUTHORIZED
PERSONEL
KEEP OUT

THE RAIL ON THE PAD
TODAY IS THE ONE WITH
THE SUPER, SOUPED-UP
SUPERCHARGER.



YEAH BUT YOU WOULDN'T
SEND A KID OUT IN A RAIL
LIKE THAT!!...WOULD...YOU?

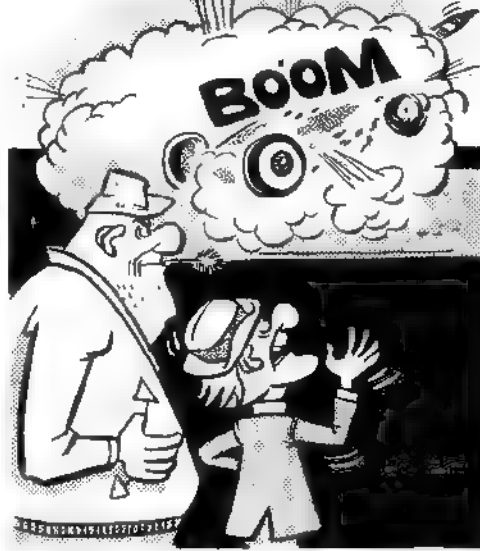


6-5-4-3-2-1

ARROOOM



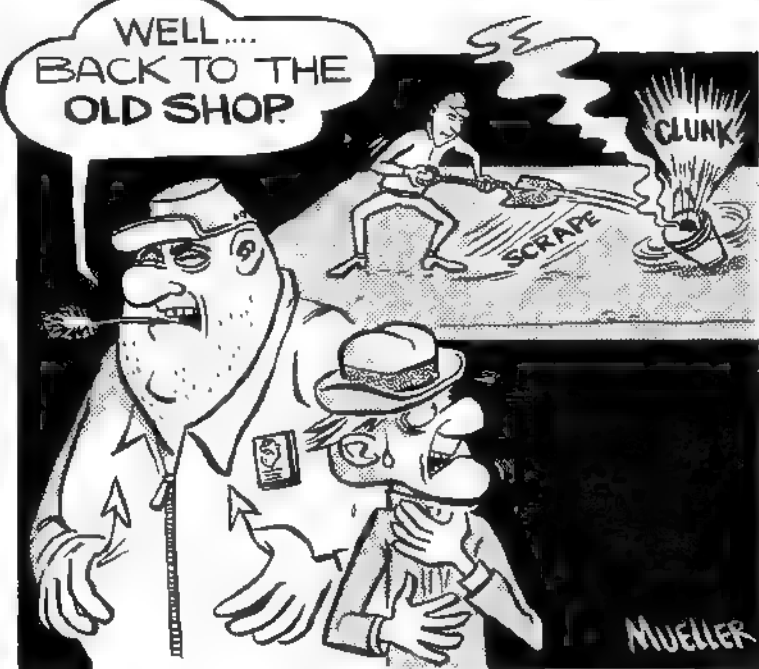
BOOM



POOOISH



WELL....
BACK TO THE
OLD SHOP.



MUELLER

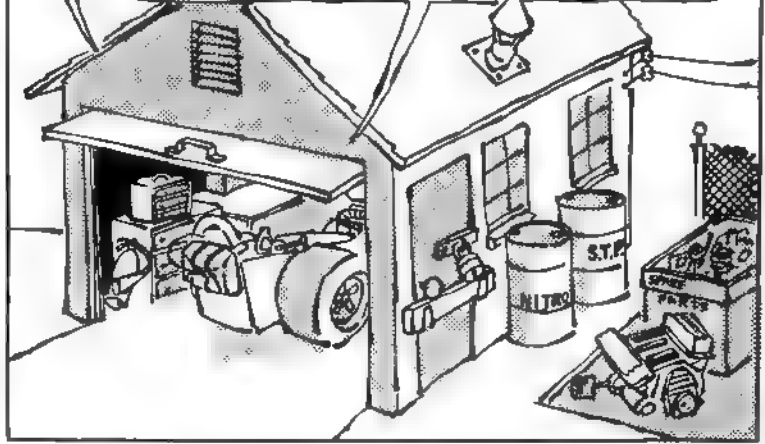
"BOATS IS A DRAG"

I HEAR BOAT DRAGS AN' HOT BOATS ARE A BIG THING NOW!
I'M GONNA GIVE 'EM A TRY...



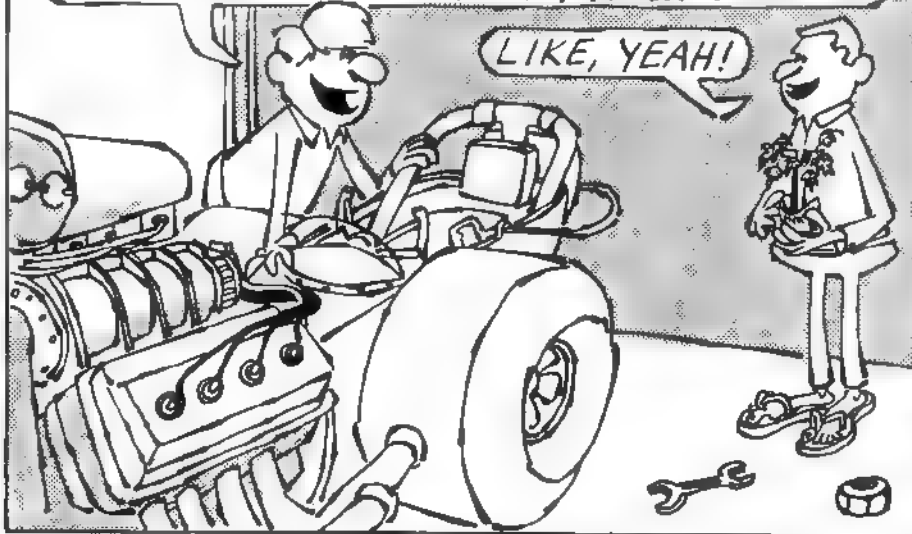
WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT BOAT DRAGS?

NOTHIN'! BUT I **DO** KNOW ABOUT
LAND-TYPE DRAGGIN'! THEY MUST
HAVE LOTS'A STUFF INCOMMON
WITH EACH OTHER !!!



I'LL USE PARTS FROM OL' HOSS HERE!
AN' I GOT SOME OLD FIBERGLASS FOR
THE HULL! WANNA HELP?

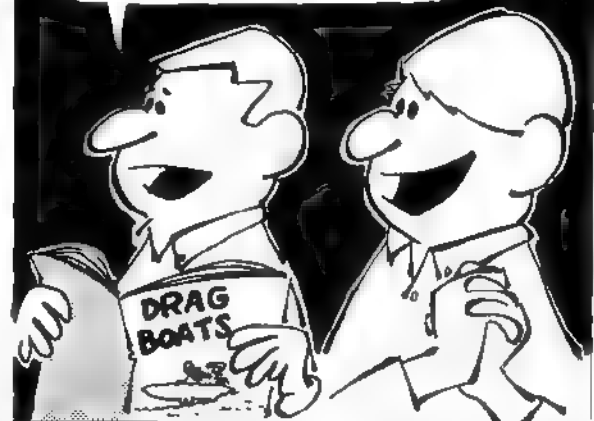
LIKE, YEAH!



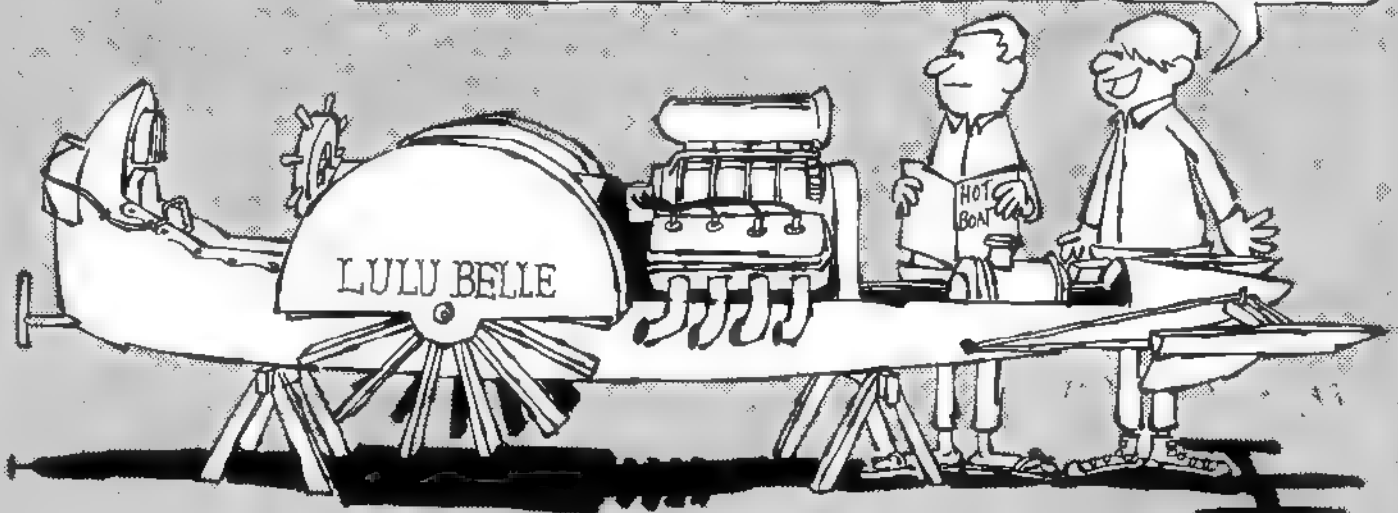
... A WEEK OF HARD WORK LATER ...

THERE! FINISHED!!!

BUT IT DON'T QUITE
LOOK LIKE THE BOATS
IN THE MAGAZINE...



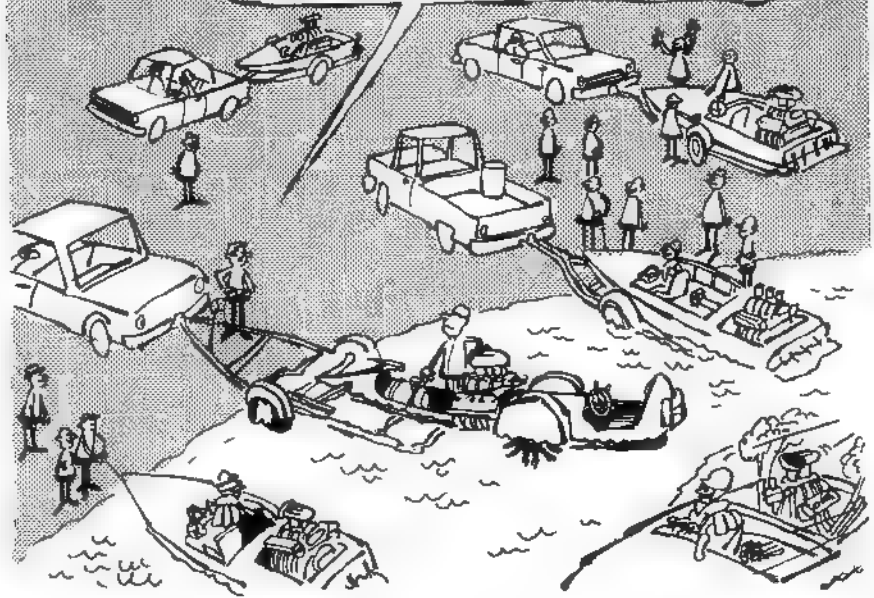
... WELL DAD, IT LOOKS LIKE A BOAT DRAGSTER TA ME!!!



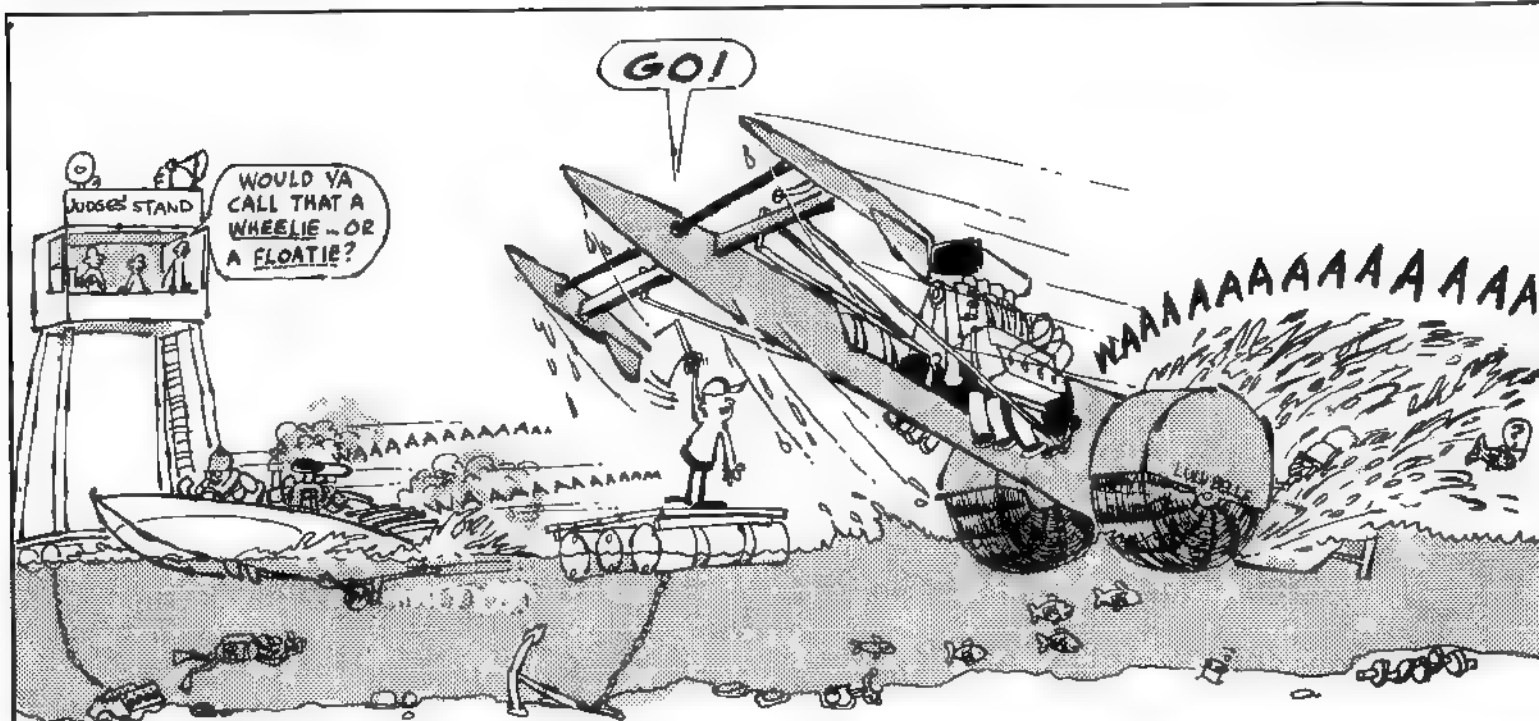
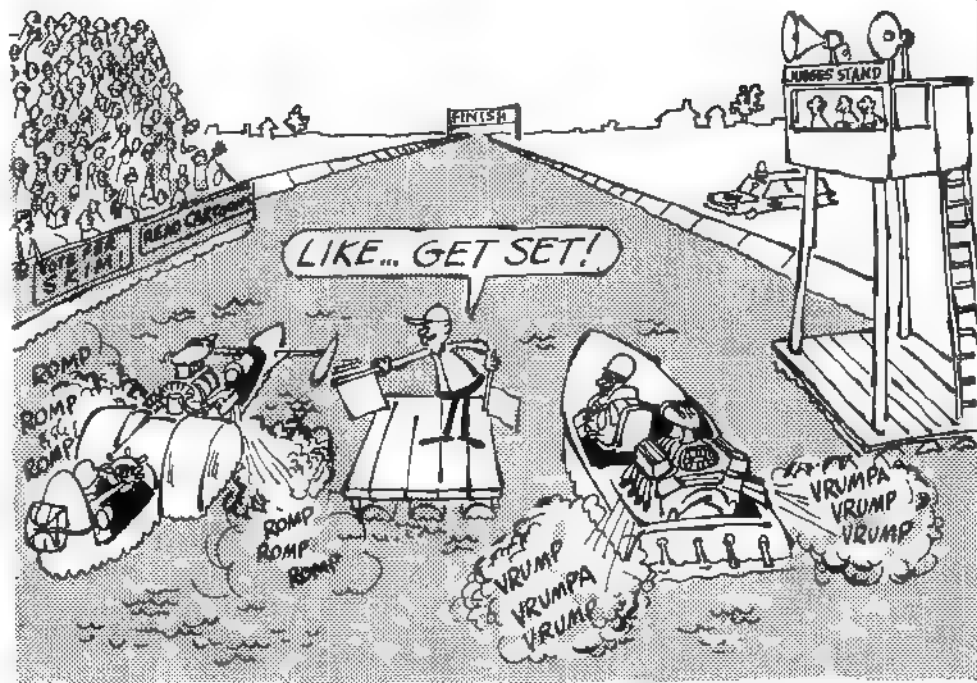
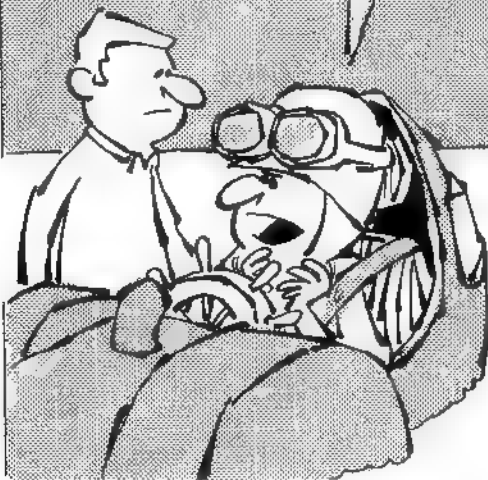
LET'S HEAD FOR THEM BOAT
DRAGS AN' GIVE 'ER A TRY!

AT THE DRAGS...

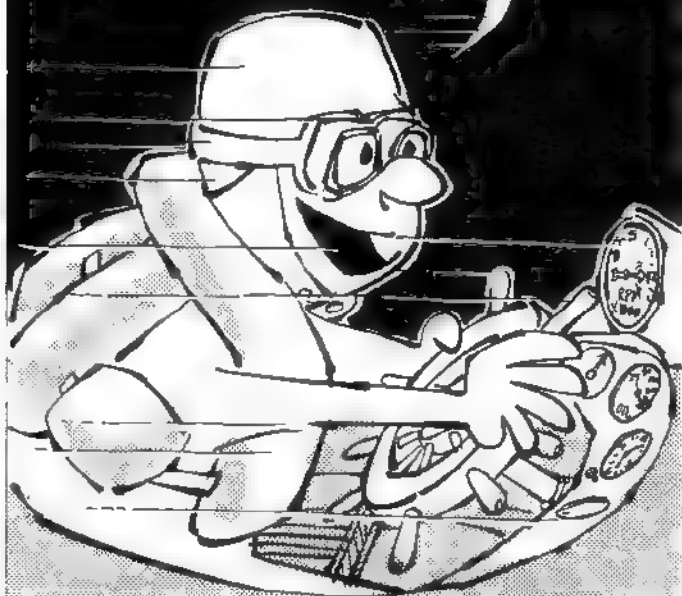
HEY! EVERYBODY'S
LAUGHING AT US!!!



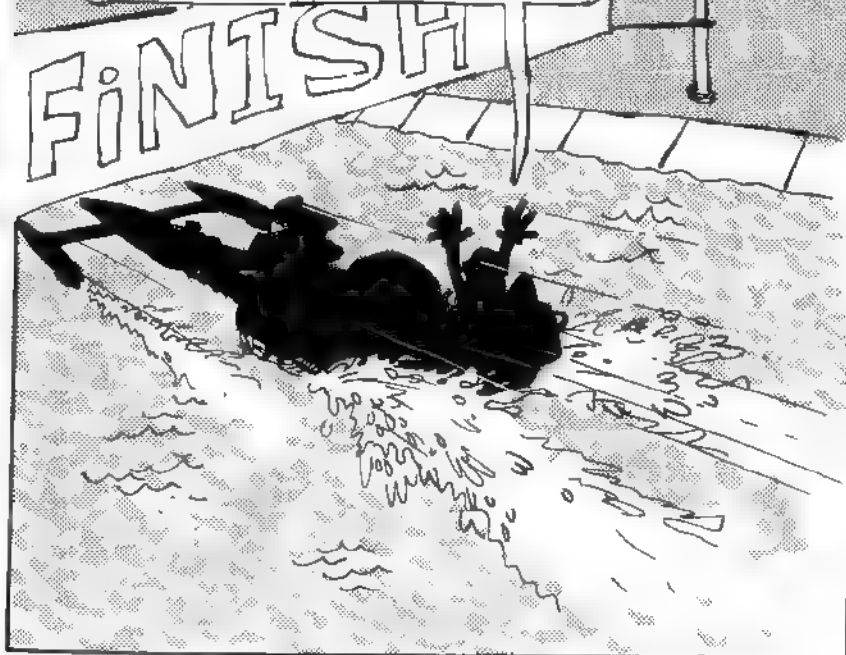
WHO CARES! PEOPLE
LAUGHED AT THE WRIGHT
BROTHERS, TOO!
LET'S GO...



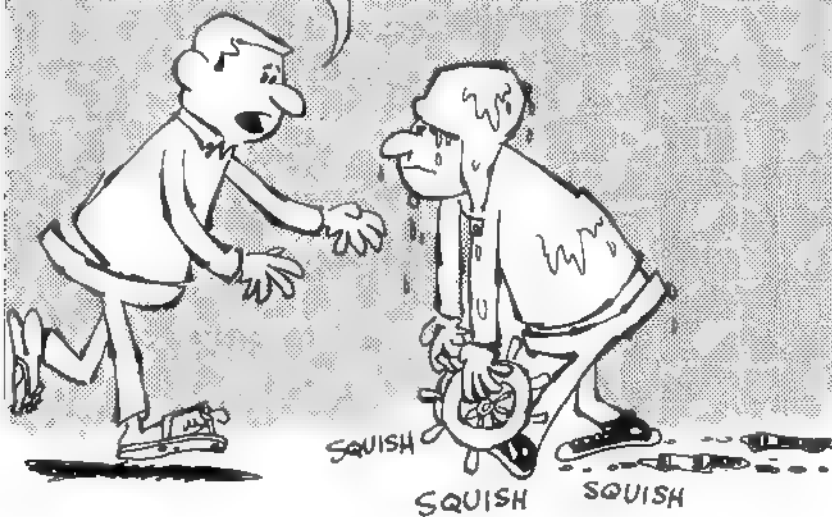
MAN! AM I MOVIN'!!!



I WON IT! I WON!!!



JOE! WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE'S THE BOAT?

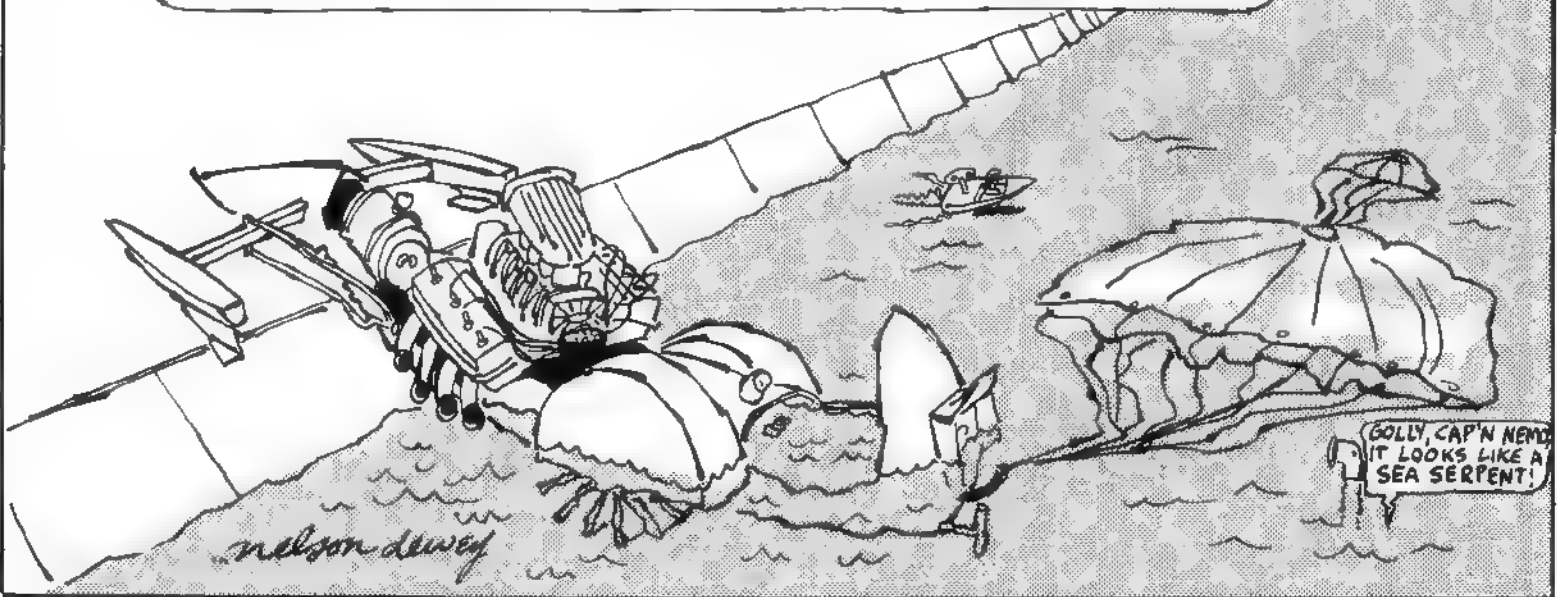


WELL- I GOT OUT FRONT... AN'
STAYED THERE... AN' I WON!

THEN I MADE MY BIG MISTAKE!!!



"I POPPED THE CHUTE AN' TURNED OFF OF THE
STRIP TO HEAD BACK TO THE PITS!



GOLLY, CAP'N NEMO!
IT LOOKS LIKE A
SEA SERPENT!



"And here's the PERFECT Pickup Truck!"



"Bayless, THIS is mutiny!"

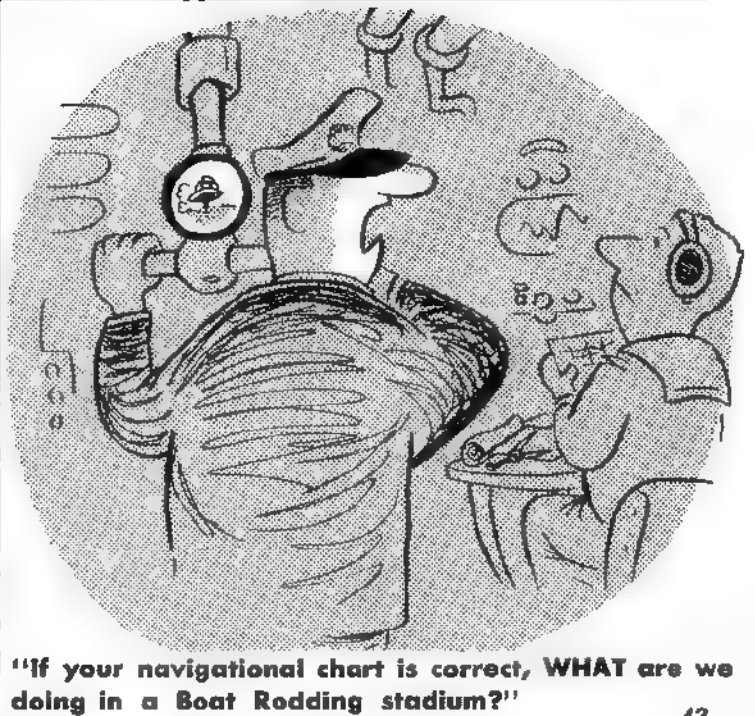
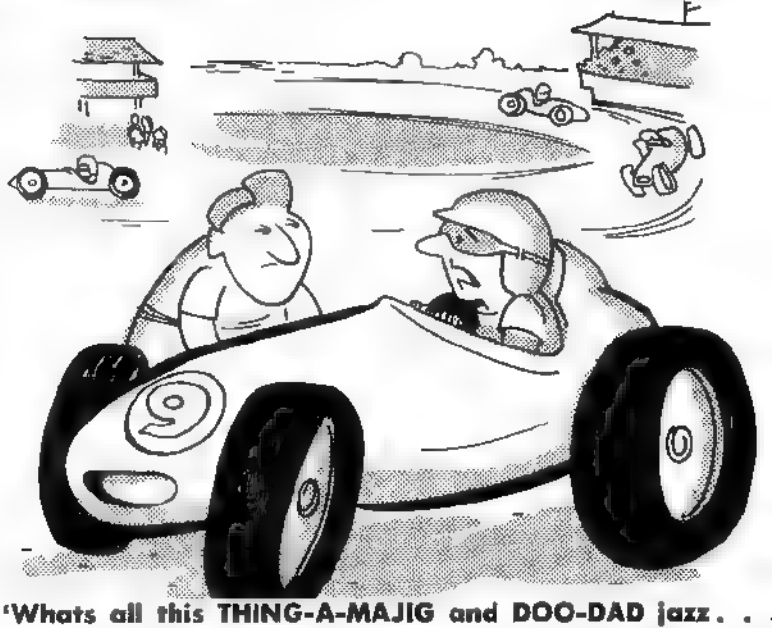
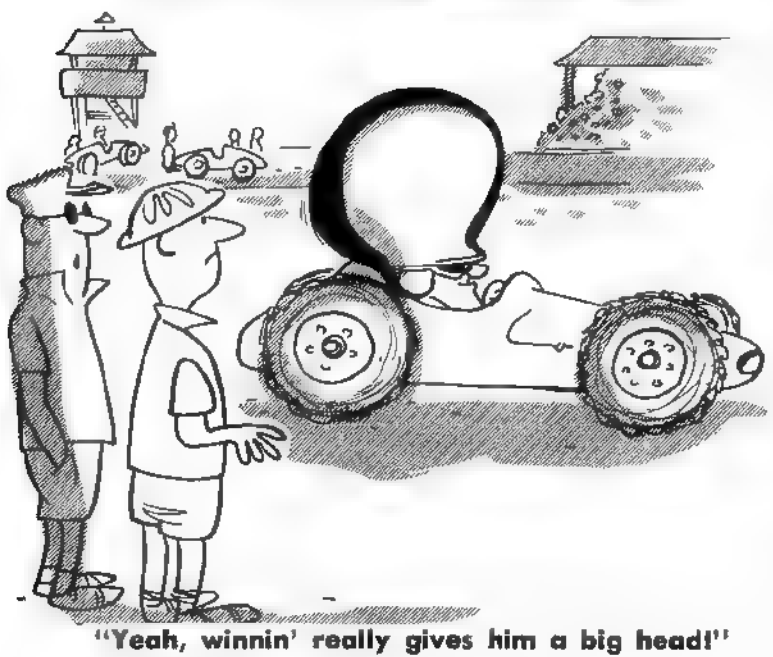
BONESTELL- VILLE U.S.A.



"Th-Thanks."



"Your oil is metered from your cam bushings to both your main bearings and your rocker-arms. However, if you jes' adjust fer skim . . ."

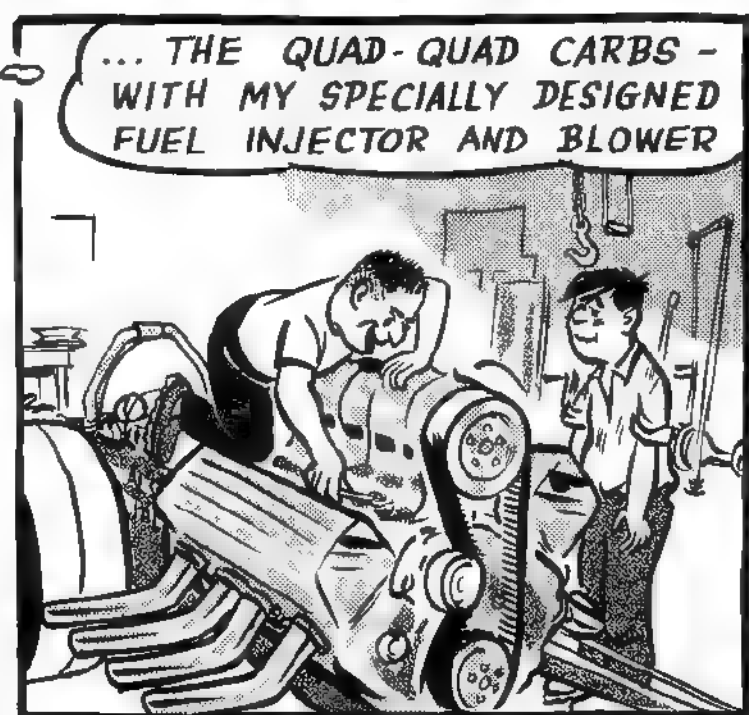
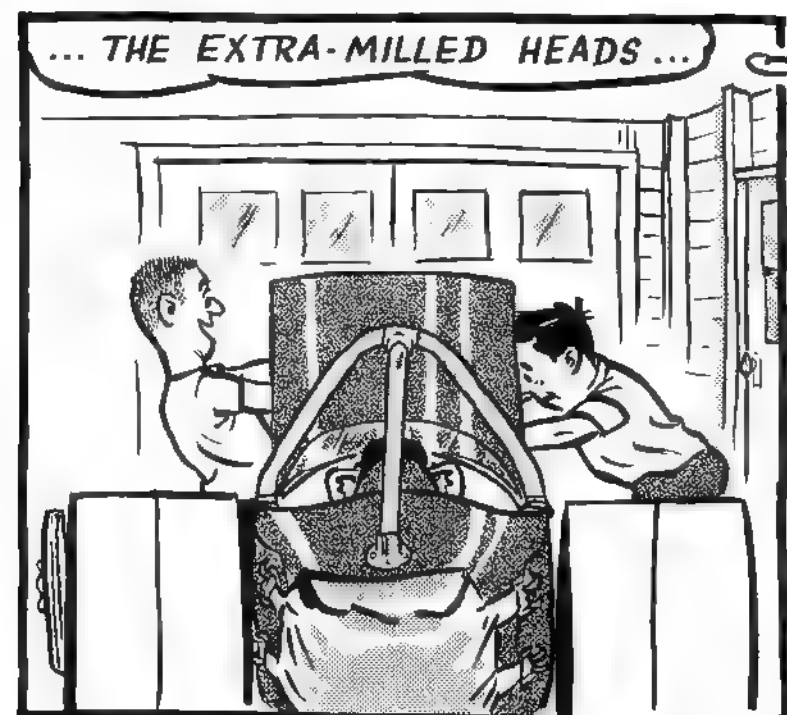
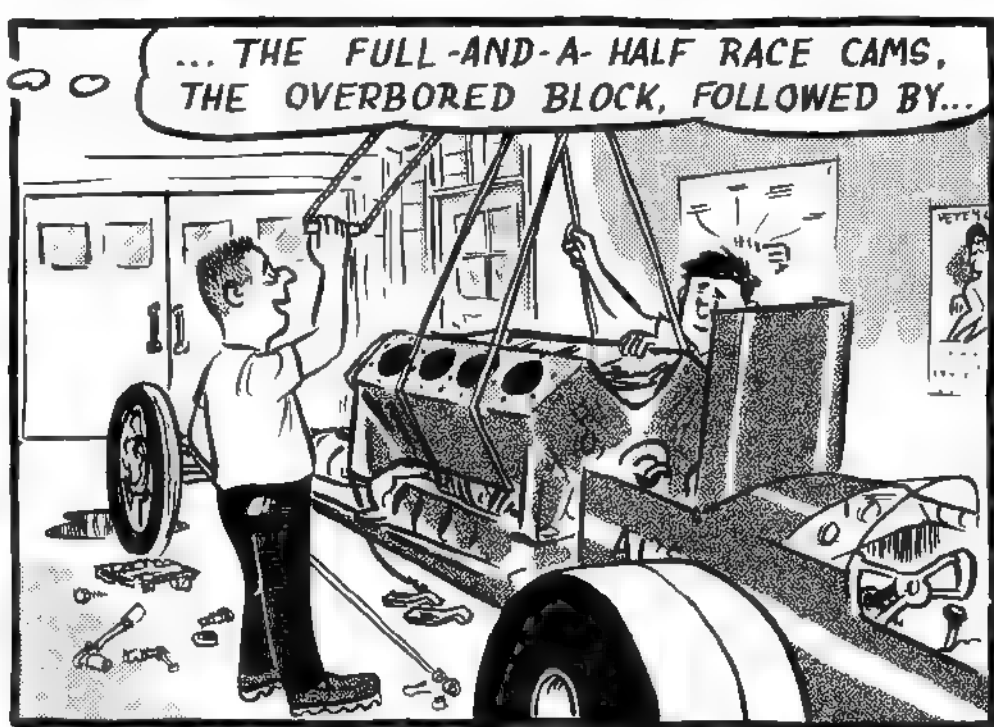
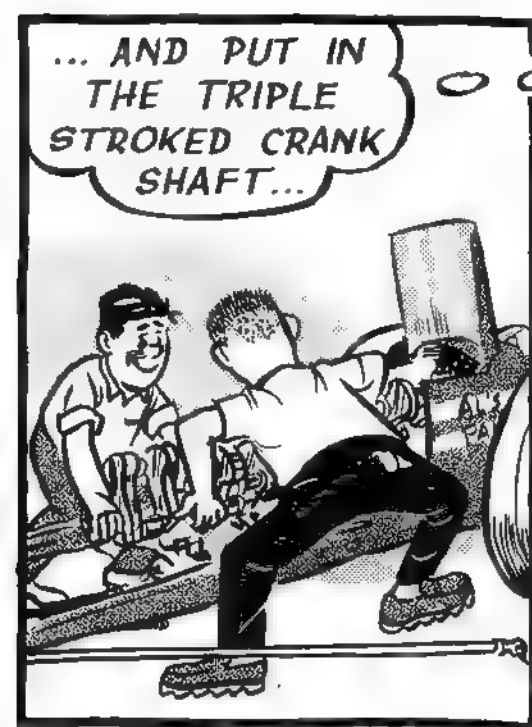
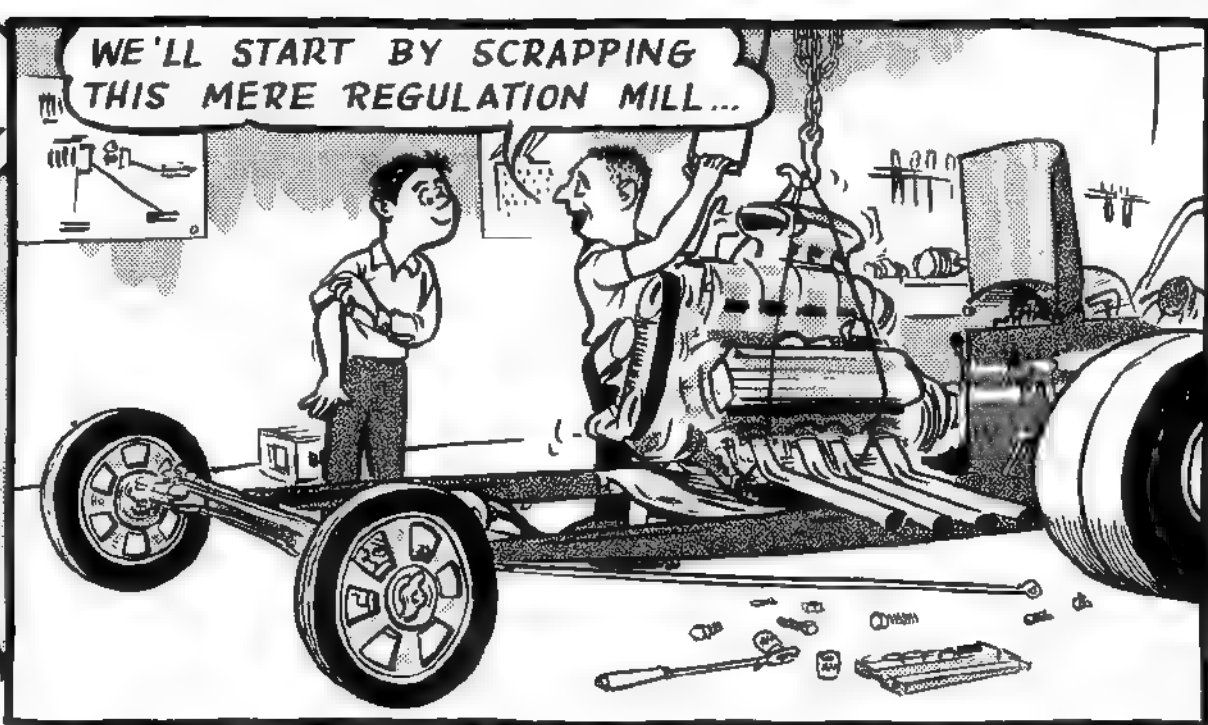


TWISTER

Story & Illustrations
BY NONE OTHER THAN THAT
UNSPEAKABLY GIFTED *Henry Harley*

VON DUTCH
FORNEVER!
(EH?)





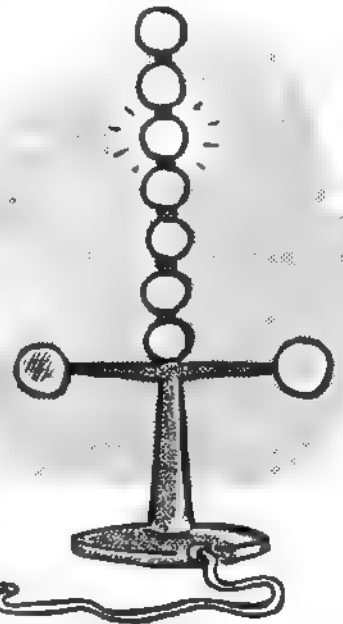
... AND WE'RE ALL
READY FER COPPING
TOP PRIZE

YEH!

WE WON'T EVEN
LET THE POOR LOSERS
SEE THEIR NEMESIS
UNTIL IT'S TIME
FOR THE RACE

EYES **POP** AT THE
STARTING LINE WHEN
"AL'S PAL" IS UNVEILED...

THE COUNTDOWN
STARTS, BUT...



WAIT, WAIT!

WE SPENT SO MUCH MONEY
ON THE CAR WE LIKE DON'T
HAVE NO COINS FER FUEL!

SOB!

SORROW is A FRESH START

RALPHY BOY, IT
WAS GOOD OF
YOU TO COME.

OMAR'S
GARAGE

YOU'RE RIGHT
IT WAS BIG
OF ME

I'VE BEEN READING
ABOUT YOU IN ALL
THE CAR MAGAZINES
...HOW YOU'VE BEEN
FRYIN' THE TRACKS!

YES, I'M JUST
WINNER MATERIAL
THROUGH AND
(SIGH) THROUGH!

WHERE'S
VON DUTCH?

I MIGHT ADD..I'M
USING ONLY A
SCANT AMOUNT OF
MY SUPERIOR
ABILITY.

WHAT I WANTED TO
SEE YOU ABOUT
RALPHY WUZ...

FORE!

FIVE!

SIX!

OW!

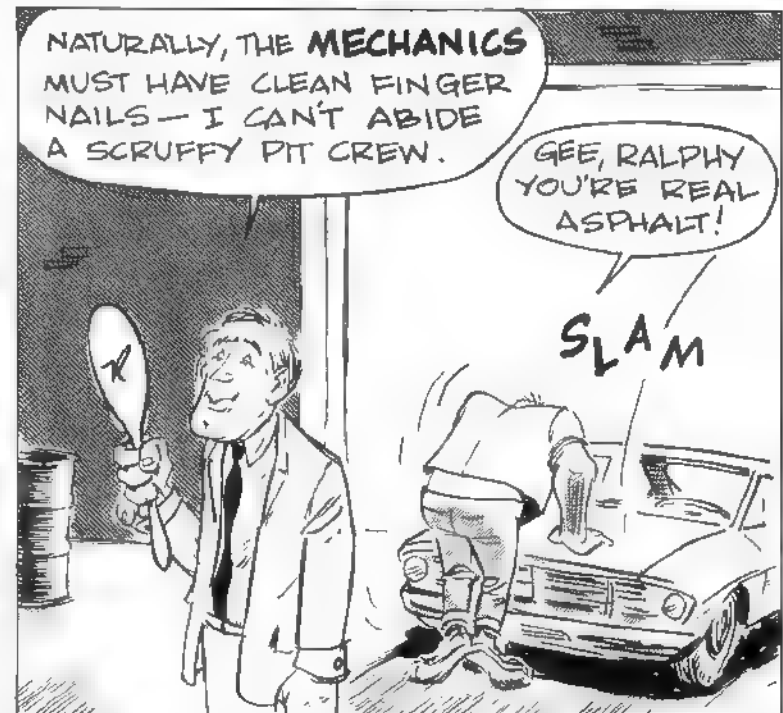
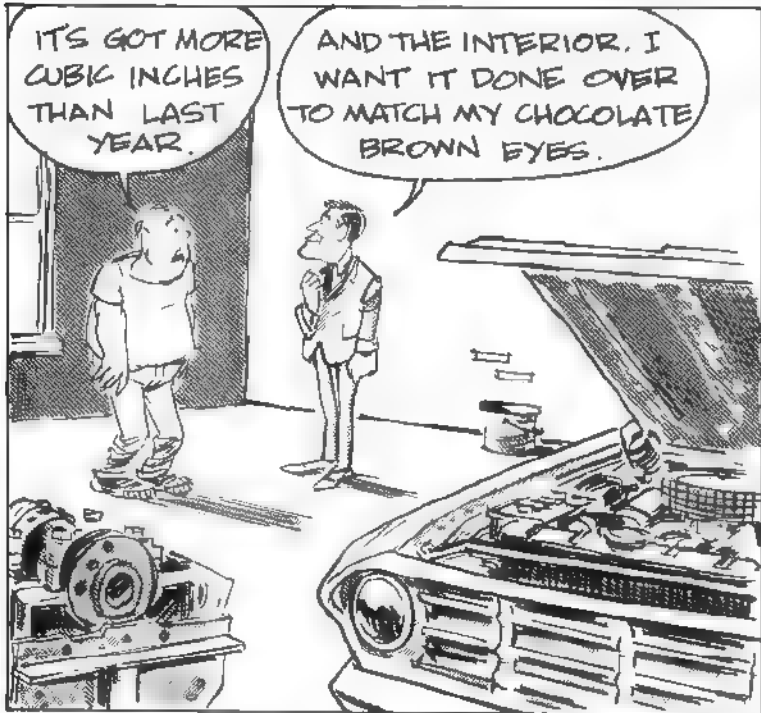
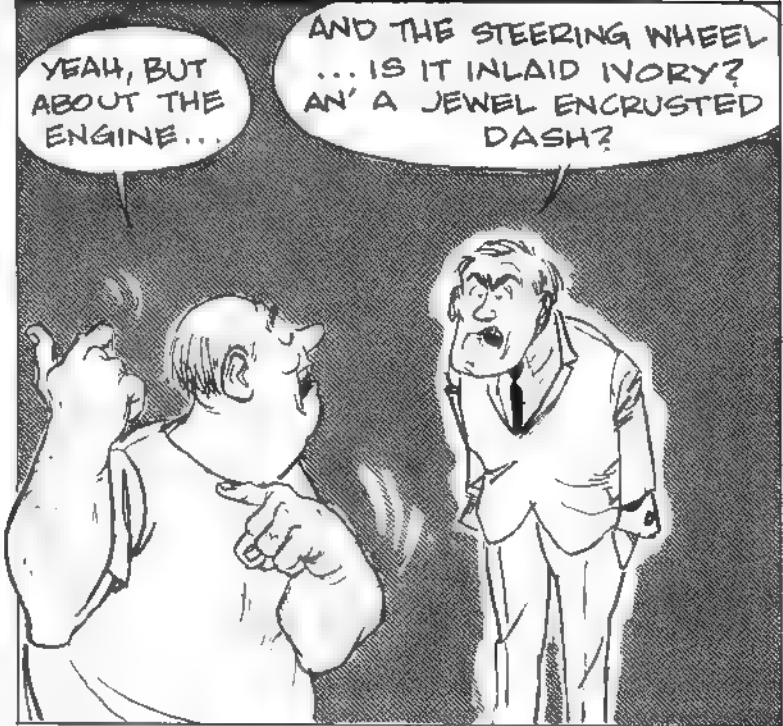
I'M ALSO MILDLY TELEPATHIC! YOU NEED A
DRIVER TO WIN THE MUDBEACH 500
BRINGING WITH IT FAME AND FORTUNE.
RIGHT, OLD MAN?

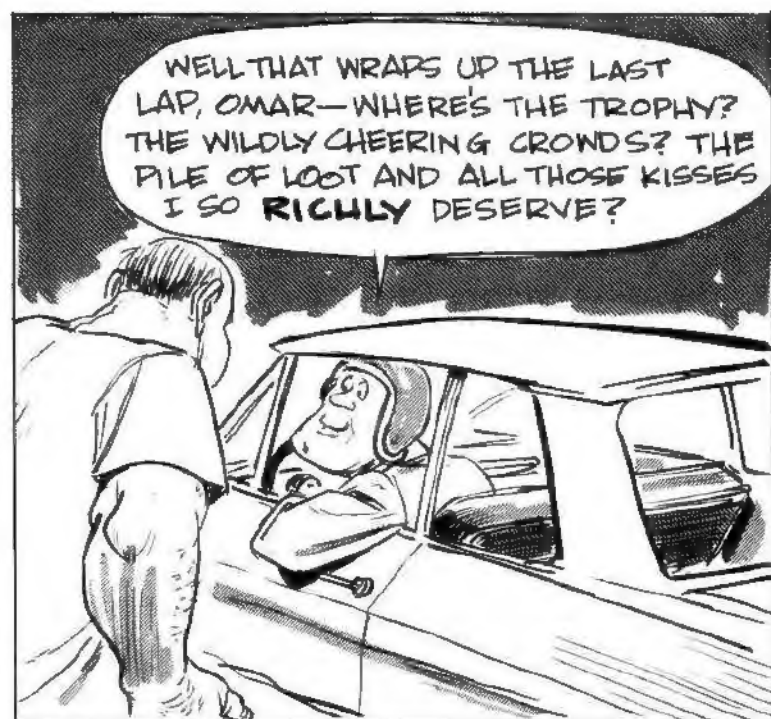
R-RIGHT!

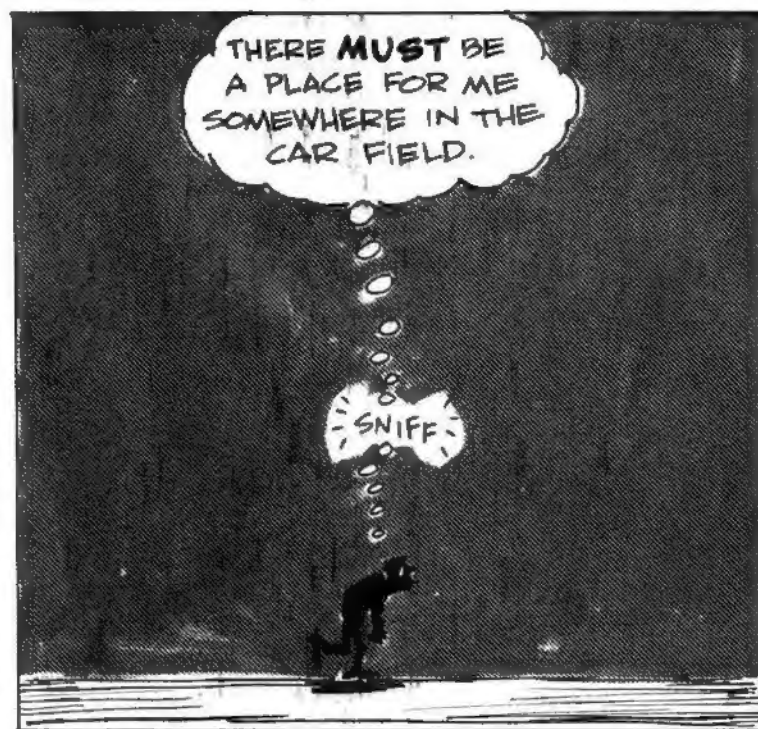
SOMEONE WHO IS
DASHING, FEARLESS
AND HANDSOME!
A TYPE THE FANS
WILL LOVE!

..SO NATURALLY,
YOU PICKED ME.

RALPHY YOU
GOT INSIGHT
UNDER ALL
THAT EGO.

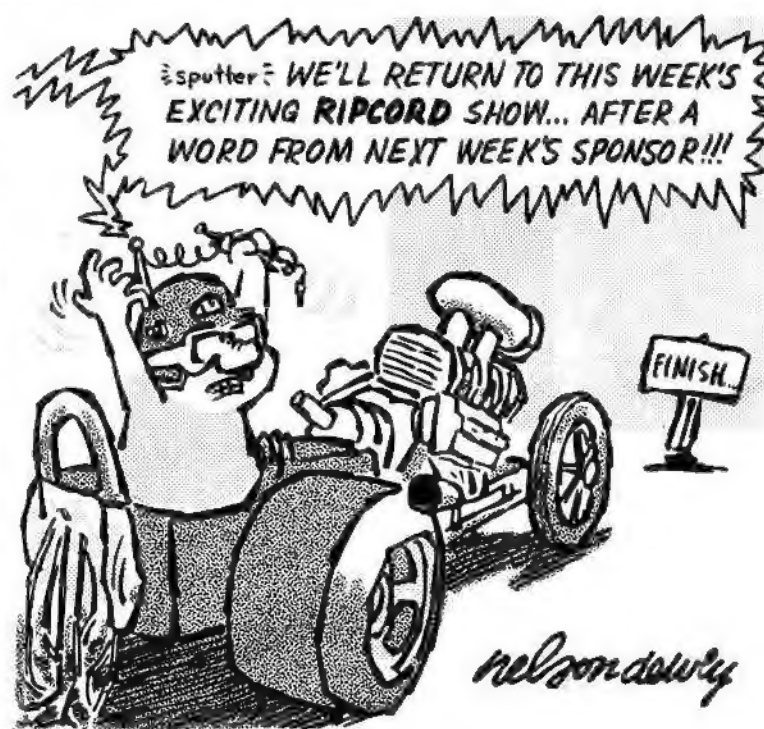
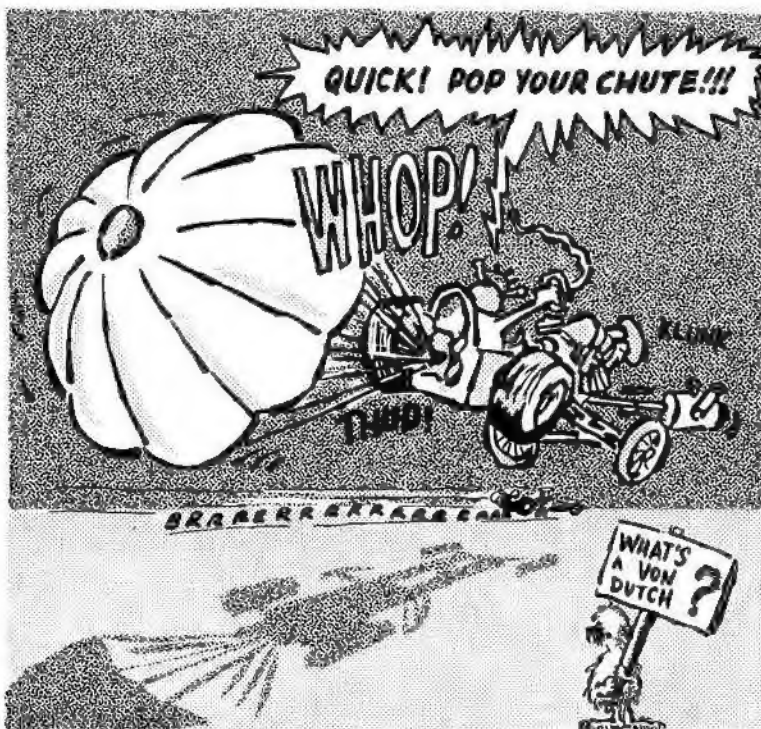
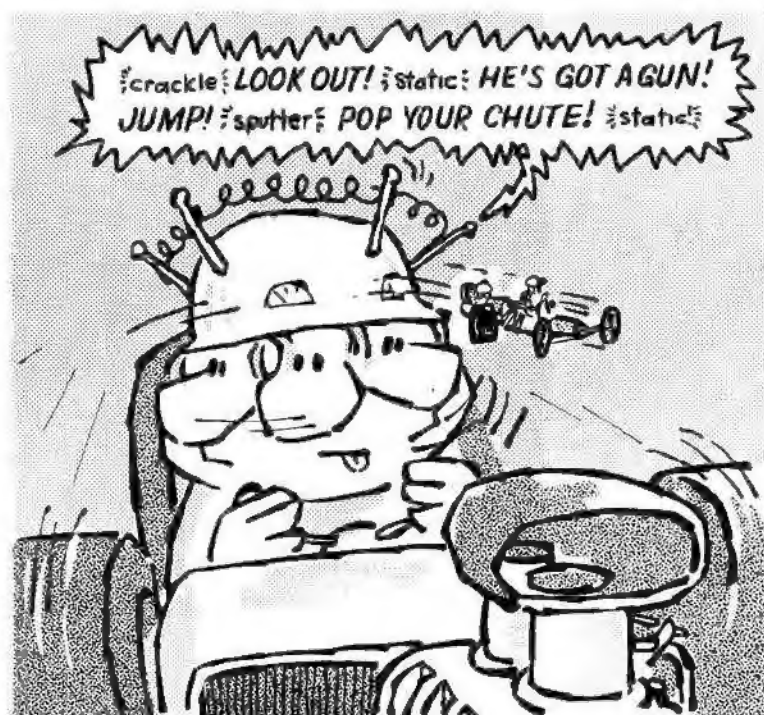
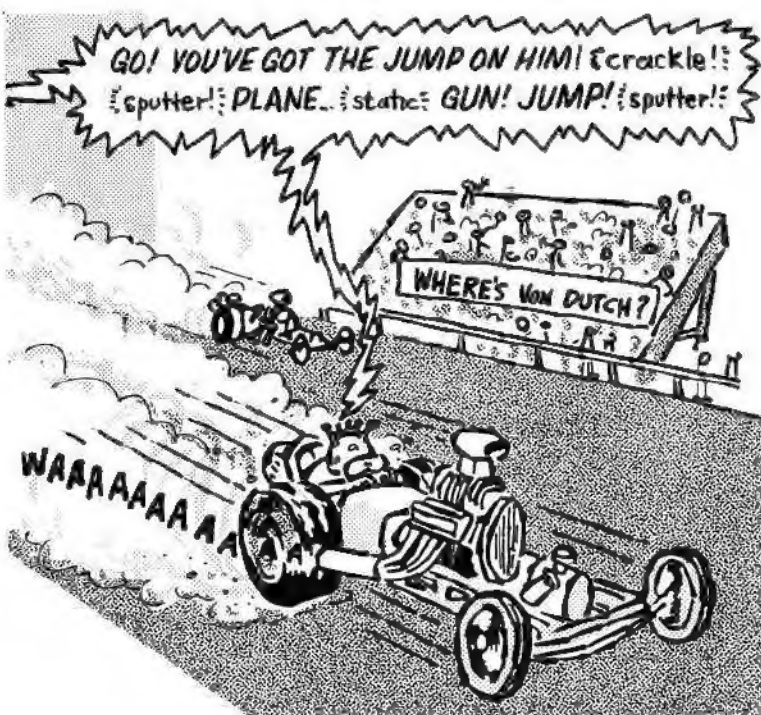
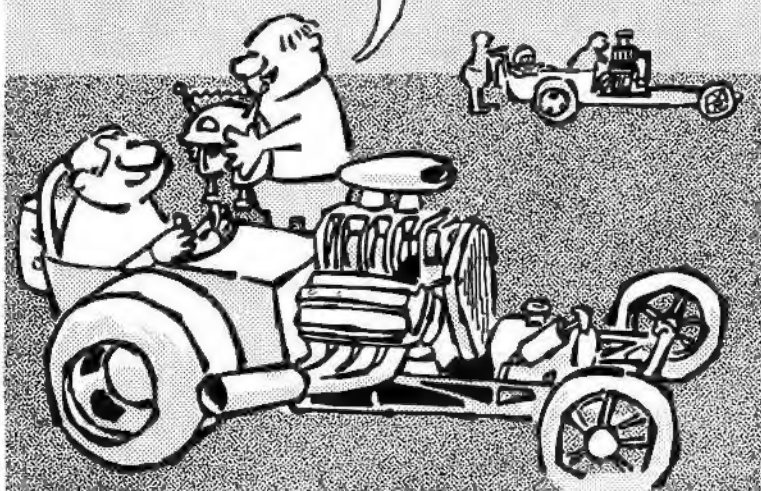






Short-wave Setback

I BUILT THIS RADIO-CONTROLLED HELMET WITH OLD TV PARTS! WE CAN TALK TO YOU FROM THE PUSH-CAR WHILE YOU DRIVE THE RACE!



nelson dewey

CAR TOONS

*** Human Hands Never Touched
A Wilder Mess Of MOOGALOONIE!**